This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Soc 2766.4

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

THE BEQUEST OF

EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)

OF NEW YORK

1918

The Golden Curl.

E C K S

WRECKS

WRECKS

AND

RESCUES.

By an EARLY MEMBER of the BOARD of MANAGERS of the A. F. G. S.

REVISED BY THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

LIFE'S ocean has its WRECKS—o'er which we weep—
Strewed 'long the coast and foundered in the deep;
Its rocks and shoals, the treacherous calm beneath,
Its stormy blasts, that spread destruction—death.
It has its RESCUES too—for Christian bands
Stand on the shores of time, with outstretched hands,
To succor th' imperiled, and to save
From dangers here, and death beyond the grave.

SECOND EDITION.

NEW YORK:

AMERICAN FEMALE GUARDIAN SOCIETY,

29 East Twenty-ninth Street.

1859.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by the
AMERICAN FEMALE GUARDIAN SOCIETY,
In the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of the State of New York.

"HOME" PRINTING OFFICE,
29 East 29th Street.

PREFACE.

The following narratives are gathered from among many cases of like character, found in the various departments of the work of the American Female Guardian Society, during the twenty-five years of its existence. The reader will be reminded once and again that "Truth is stranger than fiction," and the inquiry may arise, "Are these statements reliable?" Their entire accuracy may be vouched for, save that, for local reasons, the names used are borrowed. For these reasons, also, particulars that would often add much interest to special cases are withheld.

The facts cited, occurred mainly in the early annals of the Society under whose auspices they

are published, and as each chapter contains a history of its own, illustrating important moral lessons, the belief is cherished that the volume may do good, both to the large class whose early trials and temptations tend to dishearten and repel the inward promptings to noble aims, and also to the more-favored class whose privilege it is to test by their own experience the verity of the sentiment:

To the desolate and needy,
"Stripped and wounded" by the way,
If thou givest succor speedy,
Trusting Jesus for thy pay,
Thou shalt know a heartfelt pleasure,
Sweeter far than gold can give;
Thou shalt find a heavenly treasure
Waits thee where the angels live.

TO THE READER.

[The following note, received since the volume was written, contains a full endorsement of the facts narrated.]

New York, Dec. 29th, 1858.

My Dear Friend,

Having read the manuscript copy of a volume of incidents and results, occurring in connection with the early individual efforts in the City Prison, I commend your worthy endeavor to save these gleanings from the records of the past, and trust their perusal may encourage others to engage in similar labors of love.

May it tend to impress the conviction, that wherever a prison or common jail may be found, *there* is work for Christian hearts and hands;

and that those who will go, quietly and unobtrusively, and, in the hour of sorrow, point the perishing "to Jesus and His word," shall in no wise lose their reward.

With pleasure I endorse the various statements of your volume, having been acquainted with the facts at the time of their occurrence.

M. A. HAWKINS,

President of the Am. Fem. Guardian Soc.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	The Golden Curl,	9
II.	Ditto—(Concluded),	23
III.	The Broadway Belle,	40
IV.	Ditto—(Concluded),	47
V.	A Family in Prison,	58
VI.	The Actress,	63
VII.	Ditto—(Concluded),	74
VIII.	The Lost Children,	85
IX.	Ditto—(Concluded),	93
X.	The Emigrant Witness,	107
XI.	Lizzie Nugent,	118
XII.	The Borrowed Baby,	132
XIII.	An Unnatural Father,	138
XIV.	A Reminiscence,	143
XV.	The Weeping Prisoner,	153
XVI.	The Mother's Choice,	159

XVII. A Sister Found, ... 172
XVIII. Struggles of an Inebriate Woman, 181
XIX. Early Efforts in Prison Reform, 194
XX. Ditto—(Concluded), . . . 204
XXI. The Transformed, ... 217
XXII. Ditto—(Concluded), . . . 225
XXIII. Then and Now: or, Kate, the Beggar-Girl, ... 233
XXIV. Ditto—(Concluded), . . . 246

CHAPTER I.

THE GOLDEN CURL.

"Spurn not the child whom *want* condemns;
'Mid human blight, thou, too, mayst prove,
That priceless and immortal gems
Are gathered by the hand of love."

"Please, ma'am! Will you please to help a poor girl?" imploringly asked a shivering and almost naked child, of a lady who was just alighting from a carriage in a crowded thoroughfare of our city.

The lady paused and looked on her with pity. In that locality appeals for help were too common to attract much attention from the jostling crowd. Now and then the forlorn and dirty child who assumed the special care of the cross-walks, with her busy broom, was cheered by the gift of a penny; or the mute petitioner at "The Park," bearing on his breast the touching label, "I am blind," arrested the attention of a passer-by who dropped a sixpence in his open hand; or the "Apple Woman" at "Stewart's" door, procured a customer, who, pitying her impoverished age and decrepitude, paid her three-fold the price she

asked for his purchase. But those instances were the exceptions, and not the general rule; for by far the larger proportion of worthy and unworthy applicants for aid, were passed by unheeded or pushed unceremoniously aside.

But this poor girl had now been providentially directed to one who had a heart to feel for and befriend the wretched; who had an ever-ready ear for their tale of woe, and wisdom and efficiency in relieving their distresses. Though not in favor of indiscriminate almsgiving, and convinced that street-begging is a fruitful source of evil—fostering physical and moral degradation, idleness, deceit and many other vices—she felt that this child, this *little girl*, had a claim upon her sympathy which she must not disregard.

Mrs. M., had been several years associated with the American Female Moral Reform Society, where she had been engaged in efforts to guard and assist destitute and friendless females. They were at this time standing near the "Society rooms," for she had come into the city from an adjacent village, to attend a meeting then in session; so, without waiting to hear her story, she led her in.

Ellen's account of her sufferings and early sorrows, confirmed as it was by her appearance, awakened deep sympathy. She said she was brought to this country by a man who received

the money from her mother to pay her expenses, and that he promised to take care of her here. This man had placed her with a poor, degraded family, who had used her very badly, but had taken no farther trouble to look after her. She gave the name of the man, who was carrying on an extensive mechanical business, and was well known in the upper part of the city.

She had borne the abuse to which she was subjected a long time, but had that morning come to the conclusion to *run away*, and did so. She went first to the "Sisters of Charity," and told them her sad story. They gave her the dress she had on, which, with a thin skirt, an old hood and pair of sluffs, was all her store, and directed her to an intelligence office. They were probably ignorant of the fact that some of these offices are little better than *Directories* in the path to ruin. Ellen found it so, for from the office she was sent to a house of infamy; but providentially, the woman who had taken this expedient to enlarge the number of her victims, was so displeased with her appearance, that she took hold of her *and shook her*, and bade her begone, and tell the man that she "would not answer." It was shortly after this rebuff, that she met Mrs. M. and timidly ventured to address her. As good looks were probably indispensable to favor with the vile procuress, it is not strange that poor Ellen

was repulsed. She was puny and delicate in appearance, her chest was sunken and contracted, and her cheeks were hollow, suggesting the fear that fatal disease had already invaded her system; and she was withal only about twelve years of age; but she had a mild blue eye, kindness and gentleness of disposition, and her countenance was not devoid of intelligent expression.

Mrs. M. proceeded at once, with the concurrence of her associates, to fit her with some much-needed clothing from "The Wardrobe," which, thanks to generous donors in country and city, was well supplied with garments for the poor. The box of shoes was first overhauled, and a pair selected, also a comfortable pair of stockings. When the shoes were tied on, to the amusement and surprise of her benefactress, she looked down at her feet, and courtseying, asked with simplicity, "Please, ma'am, give me another pair." She probably supposed it the only opportunity she might have to provide for further need. She was soon decently dressed. Years afterwards when this incident was referred to, Ellen thus described her feelings on that occasion.

"When the wardrobe door was opened and I saw the store of shoes and garments, which I understood were to be given to the poor, I

thought I had found at last the place which I had heard spoken of in the old country, "where gold could be picked up in the streets."

As it was not practicable to investigate the truth of her story that day, she was advised to return to the family she had left for a short time, until inquiries could be made concerning her, and a day was fixed for her return to the "rooms" to learn the result; but she could not be induced to accede to this proposition; she clung to Mrs. M., weeping and entreating that she might not be sent back, "for the woman would beat her to death."

The "Home for the Friendless" would have been just the place for Ellen's temporary accommodation; but it had no existence then; its sheltering walls were not reared, nor even its plan definitely conceived. The members of the Society were taxed with the care of so many similar cases, that their own homes were turned into "houses of reception," and several who could not be accommodated thus, were at this very time being boarded at the expense of the Society. The accumulation of these cases and the continual reiteration of the perplexing question, "What shall we do with them?" originated the idea of a "*Home for the Friendless*," and at length suggested the plan, and after a brief interval the establishment of that noble institution,

which is a bright star in the galaxy of our city charities, and which deservedly shares the confidence and support of the public, and honors the faith of its founders.

Mrs. M. resolved to take Ellen into her charge, though circumstances would not admit of taking her to her own home. A place was found for her to board temporarily, and efforts were set on foot to procure her a permanent home.

The man was called on to whom Ellen referred. He was easily found and readily admitted having brought her to this country, by request of her mother, who was too poor to support her. Of her father he could give no account. He had manifested no interest in the child, and was probably glad to transfer all responsibility concerning her to any one who would assume it.

With considerable persuasion and promises of assistance in clothing and management, Mrs. M. induced a relative to take Ellen, and she was in a short time duly apprenticed to Mrs. W. by the city authorities, this course being deemed advisable, to prevent any interference on the part of those with whom she had previously lived.

For a time Ellen went on as well as could be expected, considering her youth and previous disadvantages, though many wrong traits of character became painfully apparent; much pains and patience were brought into exercise to

overcome these, and a good degree of improvement was soon manifest. She was generally obedient and tractable, and became very much attached to the family, especially the children. She was carefully trained to neat and industrious habits, and much effort was made to enlighten her mind in religious truths and duties, and many prayers were offered for her, that she might become the subject of renewing grace. These prayers and efforts were apparently blessed and after a time she made profession of faith in Christ, and her friends were encouraged to hope that a genuine work of grace was progressing in her heart.

About this time Ellen had the misfortune to cut her hand very badly, and the assistance of a next-door neighbor was obtained to dress the wound. This neighbor had resided there some time, leading a very reserved and quiet life, and the families had continued strangers; she dressed the wound with skill, and proposed to Ellen to come in, each morning, while it should be necessary, that she might attend to it. This kind offer —as it was considered—was willingly received by Mrs. W., whose nervous temperament unfitted her for the task, and Ellen went in daily for a fortnight, to have the wound dressed; but it was afterward found that the moral effect of these interviews had been most unprofitable.

Quiet and respectable as this neighbor appeared, it was subsequently ascertained that she was leading a life of infamy, and that she assiduously improved this opportunity, to undermine and destroy the good influences which were molding Ellen's mind and character.

The years which Ellen had passed in Mrs. W.'s family, had wrought great improvement in her health and personal appearance, as well as in her moral and mental developments, owing in a great measure to the judicious care she had there received. The sallow complexion and hollow cheeks were superseded by a rosy bloom and full round face. She was past fourteen and was rapidly developing the features and form of a fine-looking young woman, though herself apparently unconcious of it. This officious neighbor, while dressing her hand, sought to awaken *vanity* in Ellen by praising her beauty; and also to make her discontented with her situation, by telling her she "was *too handsome* to be brought up a servant, and especially as an *apprentice*;" "that the control of her employer was cruel and oppressive," and that she had "better run away," for her "face would procure for her the life of a lady."

These evil teachings did not produce *all* the effect designed, for Ellen's heart told her that Mrs. W. was *not* cruel, but a true friend. Yet

she pondered much on what she had heard, especially the "*degradation*" suggested. Though happy as any child of the family before, she now became discontented and dissatisfied with her constrained relation to it. But having been encouraged to confide all her sorrows and secrets to Mrs. W., it was not long before this became too troublesome to keep, and she made a full report of the conversations she had held with their neighbor. The falsity of this wicked woman's statements and the present and eternal consequences of following the course to which she had been advised, were faithfully set before Ellen, and it was hoped their evil influences had been wholly counteracted; though from that time she became the object of increased anxieties and more watchful care.

But soon another snare was spread for Ellen's feet. She was walking one day in a public garden, with one of the children, in the immediate neighborhood of their home, which was eight miles from the city, when she was accosted by a young woman who was strolling through the grounds, having, as she said, "just come from New York for a ride!" This girl noticed the pretty child which Ellen was leading by the hand, and inquired if she were "its nurse?" thus opening a conversation, during which she artfully obtained the name and particulars of her

history, and availing herself of Ellen's unhappiness because she was apprenticed, she commented largely upon her folly in remaining so, when by one simple effort she might "*be free!*" "The world," she said, "was before her, she would readily find friends and employment in the city, she herself would help her, and introduce her to persons who would give her all the assistance she needed;" and the girl would not depart until she had obtained Ellen's reluctant promise to leave her home secretly the following Saturday afternoon, and meet her in the city, giving her the necessary directions.

Every hour before that Saturday Ellen was very unhappy. She was often on the point of disclosing all to Mrs. W., but the desire *to be free* prevailed. Her clothing was gathered and packed, but a sense of honor restrained her from taking some of the newest and best, which had been lately given her. In her budget she carefully stowed away *a golden ringlet* from the head of her "darling Sophy," presented by her mother in compliance with Ellen's urgent request. Under cover of a stormy night, Ellen set forth to make her lonely way to the city. The house to which she was directed, was some distance from where she left the cars, and through the darkness and the rain she hurried on, inquiring frequently for direction of those she met; weary and heart-sick

view of the comforts she had left, and the hardships she was encountering, she at last found the place and was admitted. But the woman she saw knew nothing of the girl whom Ellen was seeking, who had evidently deceived her, and now "what *could* she do?" Penniless, homeless and friendless, she had voluntarily rendered herself, and she felt that she *deserved all* she suffered. In her perplexity and grief she explained her situation to the woman with whom she was conversing, hoping she might advise or befriend her. But, alas for poor Ellen! she knew not that she had entered the very gateway of destruction —that the woman whose sympathy she was striving to gain, was dead to pity, and would much sooner *ruin* than save her. In her conversation with this woman she expatiated at length upon the excellences of the friends she had left, "lost now forever," and especially dwelt upon the public labors and charities of Mrs. M., the lady who first befriended her, and who had continued her watchful oversight until Ellen's abrupt departure.

Mrs. M.'s name and character were well known to this vile woman, and feeling sure no pains would be spared to recover the fugitive, she judged it safest to get her off her hands; so she sent for a police-officer and placed the girl in his custody, who, probably finding that the most

convenient place, conveyed her to the city prison.

Now she was receiving the wages of *transgression!* What a brief transit from the home where she had been so kindly cherished to a comfortless cell in "The Tombs!" Oh! now she had time to reflect and repent in bitterness of soul. Now she shed torrents of unavailing tears, while none but God and the granite walls about her witnessed her woe. Now she realized the falsity of hopes and promises which had beguiled her from friends and honor and brought her into peril and disgrace; and she resolved that *this sad lesson* should suffice—that henceforth she would do as the Saviour bade one in olden times, "Go and sin no more."

Her true name and history were not given to the officer, who committed her as "a vagrant," and *shame* led her still to withhold them from those who questioned her. So, while she was in prison, *incognito*, her friends had instituted the most diligent search for her, in vain. The aid of the police was procured, who did not intermit their efforts until they assured Mrs. M. and Mrs. W., that they "had searched every house of ill repute, in this city and its vicinity." A special watch was kept for her for several weeks, yet no tidings of her could be obtained. But Ellen knew nothing of this, after having been a few

days in prison, some ladies of the "Prison Association," noticed her and removed her to the "Prisoners' Home." There in seclusion she occupied herself industriously, and awakened interest by her correct deportment.

Mrs. M. was ever on the alert, for she could not give up Ellen. Many anxious hours she passed, and many prayers she offered during these weeks for her safety and restoration. Finally, a trifling clue led to her discovery in the Prisoner's Home, and Mrs. M. claimed the right which her *indentures* gave, and resumed the charge of her. The evidence of her repentance overcame Mr. W.'s objections to her return to his family, and she was soon re-admitted to her old home; where she conducted herself with much propriety, and years again rolled on and the memory of her misdoings had almost passed away.

Early in the summer of 1849, rumors of the cholera began to spread through the city; the families of Mrs. M. and Mrs. W. had made arrangements to go into the country for the season, and they thought it a favorable opportunity to secure for Ellen what they much desired—a trade. So they placed her with a competent dress-maker, and were to pay her an extra fee, to give Ellen special care, and advance her as rapidly as practicable in the knowledge of her art.

This woman did not fulfil her agreement; she employed her in housework, instead of sewing; Ellen's friends were absent, so she could not tell her grievances to them, and she became so dissatisfied, that in a few days she left the house clandestinely.

The pestilence was on the increase, and alarm became general; Mrs. W. feared for Ellen's safety, and a few days after she left the city, she wrote for Ellĕn to come to her at an appointed time. She went with the carriage to the depot to meet her, but instead of the expected one, she found a letter informing them that Ellen had left the dress-maker and gone it was not known whither.

Advertisements were immediately published, and as before, the most diligent search was made; but months and years passed, bringing no tidings whatever, and her friends mourned for her at length as irrecoverably numbered among "the living lost." Her death could not have caused them so deep a grief, for in this fate, the death of both body and soul were involved; and they were sorely tried, too, by so sad a termination to protracted efforts for her welfare—efforts which seemed all for naught or even worse, as the education and training she had received must increase her condemnation in choosing a life of sin.

CHAPTER II.

THE GOLDEN CURL.

Concluded.

"I CANNOT think of sorrow now; and doubt
If e'er I felt it—'t is so dazzled from
My memory by this oblivious transport."

THE vicissitudes of years brought important changes to these families; Mr. W. removed to a distant part of the continent, "*a land of promise;*" but his realizations fell far short of his hopes, as worldly anticipations are wont to do, for *it yielded him more sorrow than gold;* Mrs. M. became a widow, and through the mismanagement and dishonesty of others, lost much of the ample means which she had delighted to use in works of benevolence and mercy; she had consequently lived for a considerable time in comparative retirement.

A short time since, a servant came to her room one morning, saying, "A lady wishes to see you in the parlor, ma'am."

"Who is she, Mary? Did she give you her name?"

"No, ma'am; she says you do not know her name."

Mrs. M. descended to the parlor and found there a stately and beautiful woman, elegantly dressed, who came toward her with extended hand and asked, "Do you not know me, Mrs. M.? Do you not remember Ellen?"

"No, I do not remember you—I have not the slightest recollection of having seen you before."

"Do you not remember Ellen, who lived with your sister?"

"My sister had several girls of that name, living with her at different times," replied Mrs. M., "but you are none of those Ellens."

Raising her voice, and in a manner approaching to impatience, the stranger asked, "Well, can you recollect the *little bare-footed girl* you picked up by the Park?"

"Not Ellen Brown?" inquired Mrs. M. doubtingly.

"Yes! Ellen Brown; I am *that* Ellen Brown," replied the visitor.

An involuntary shudder passed over Mrs. M., before she could reply; for if this was indeed Ellen, her dress seemed a confirmation of her worst fears; but the feeling was transitory, for *her general appearance* checked suspicion. An explanation ensued, and subsequent confirmation

of her story enabled Mrs. M. to rejoice over Ellen as one who "was dead, but is alive again; was lost, but is found;" yet not in the painful sense which she had feared, for by the mercy of God, no doubt in answer to prayer, through all Ellen's devious wanderings she had not strayed from the paths of virtue. The intervening years had been spent in Europe; she had but recently returned to this country, and since her arrival, she had made several unsuccessful efforts to find her old friends. A few days previously she had recognized Mrs. M. as she entered a store, and knowing that a public place would be unfavorable for the explanations Mrs. M. would expect, she renewed her efforts to learn her residence, and this time with success.

Ellen gave her friend a long and interesting account of the various and important changes which had befallen her, some of which were sufficiently romantic to illustrate the remark, "Truth is stranger than fiction." It was in substance as follows: When she left the dressmaker's house—a step by-the-by which she was partly induced to take by her old unwillingness to remain as a *servant*, a repugnance she could never overcome—she went to an intelligence office, and was informed that a gentleman had applied that morning for hands to go to a factory in a neighboring city, and had left money to de-

fray their expenses thither; if she would like to go, she might have the opportunity. She at once concluded to improve this offer to obtain employment. She was soon there and actively occupied in her new business. She learned readily, and in a few weeks could earn considerable more than her expenses, and found herself rather a favorite among her companions, and enjoyed very much the new feeling of independence which her circumstances inspired, so that she would have accounted herself *happy*, but for frequent misgivings at her unkindness in leaving as she had, the benefactors and friends of her forlorn childhood.

One day a lady, evidently a foreigner, came in to visit the factory; she passed through the several apartments, examining whatever there was of interest in the work of the operatives. She paused near Ellen, and after looking earnestly at her, she remarked that she was "about sailing for Europe and wished to get a person to go with her as 'lady's maid,' and asked her if she knew any young woman that would like the situation." It seemed to Ellen a desirable one for herself, and she signified her wish to procure it. The lady was pleased with her appearance and finding she had no friends to be consulted, who might hinder her going, she gladly engaged her, and Ellen left at once and accompanied her to Phila-

delphia, where she expected to spend a few weeks preparing for the voyage.

Poor Ellen! In her inexperience and ignorance of the world, she did not for a moment suspect that she was again running a great risk in thus entrusting herself to a stranger without reference, or any assurance but her own word, that she would be properly cared for and protected; she trusted the respectable appearance and kind words of the lady, and *this time* her confidence was not misplaced; she proved a friend indeed, filling, as far as possible, a mother's place to Ellen. She was a lady of fortune—a childless widow, and she soon became much attached to Ellen, who was almost constantly in her society, and by many winning ways and kindly attentions won her love. She was much affected by the history of her former life, and spent many hours conversing with her respecting its details. Ellen told her the sad tale without disguise or effort to extenuate her faults.

A short time before they were to sail, the lady observed an advertisement in the papers asking for information concerning a young girl of Ellen's name and age. She showed it to E., who agreed with her that she must be the person referred to, but it was a mystery who could be thus interested except her old friends in New York, and it could not be them, for the advertisement re-

quested answers to be sent to a small town in the vicinity of Philadelphia.

The lady directed an answer there, which soon brought the advertiser to the hotel. He was an elderly and respectable-looking gentleman, and on meeting Ellen made various inquiries of her, the answers to which satisfied him that she was the person he was seeking. It was evident from the commencement of their interview, that he felt more than an ordinary interest in proving her identity, and when convinced of it, he was deeply affected.

He then informed Ellen and the lady, whose curiosity in the matter was scarce less than her own, that he was *her father!* The girl was astonished at this information, for she did not remember that she had seen the gentleman, and supposed her father died in her infancy; and he was even more astonished at the wonderful change which had taken place in his child since he saw her, which was a short time before she left Ireland. It might well surprise him, for it had almost seemed incredible to those who were witnesses of the transformation as it was in progress; so strikingly did her tall, well-rounded figure and pretty face contrast with the sallow, puny and dwarfed child she was when they first saw her.

Ellen's father remained some days with her,

during which he communicated much that was new and strange concerning her early history. He informed her that the woman was not her mother whom she had always supposed to be, but that he had hired her to take charge of Ellen from her birth; it being one condition of their bargain that she "should pass for the child's mother."

Ellen's reminiscences of her childhood were mingled with much of harshness and severity on the part of this woman, which she often thought were irreconcilable with what she had subsequently seen of maternal love, but of which she had now an unlooked-for explanation.

"But who is my mother? Is she living? Have I seen her?" were Ellen's earnest queries. In reply, her father stated, that she was taken from her mother soon after her birth, and placed to wet-nurse with the woman whom she had called mother. Her own mother was a lady of rank, in whose father's house for years previously, and till the birth of Ellen, he had held a position of trust and responsibility. Her mother, through him, had been at the expense of Ellen's support, until she was sent away from Ireland; though she had not been suffered to see her or to know where she was.

Ellen's father took much blame to himself for the course he had pursued toward her, and said

that from the time she came from her own home, he had suffered much in mind on her account; indeed his life afforded sorrowful proof that one wrong step prepares the way for many. He was not allowed to hope that he could ever marry the mother of his child, because of her superior position in society; and therefore, while Ellen was yet a babe, he married a woman who was ignorant of the sin of his youth, and had become the father of several daughters who remained in the same happy ignorance.

The woman with whom Ellen was placed had an evil temper, and after a few years became exceedingly troublesome to him by threats to reveal that she was not her mother. Discovering that he had much objection to her doing so, she used this means to extort money from him. Finally, driven to desperation by her exactions and threats, he begged the favor of a townsman who had returned from America on a visit, to take charge of Ellen and bring her to New York, where he might leave her to her fate; letting her "become a pauper child if nothing better offered."

But he had found subsequently, that conscience was far more troublesome than Ellen's foster-mother had been; for he had been pursued by ceaseless upbraidings until at times life had become burdensome. Quite recently his wife

had been taken from him by death, and he resolved soon after, that he would set out directly for "the States," and if possible, find his outcast child.

Ellen in her turn informed her father of numerous trials and changes which she had seen since she embarked for America. The account was not calculated to blunt the edge of his repentance, for she had been the victim of much abuse and neglect. Even on ship-board, the man to whom he had entrusted her, beat her cruelly, and when they arrived here, he placed her with persons from whose ill-treatment she suffered greatly.

Her father was solicitous now to do all in his power for her well-being and proposed her return with him to Ireland.

The French lady—Ellen's mistress, had been an attentive listener to these narratives, and they greatly increased the interest she had already felt in Ellen. But she was not prepared to believe it desirable to accede to her father's proposition, especially on account of his distant family who were not aware of Ellen's relationship. She explained to him her own circumstances and position in her native land, and also her expectation and wish to have Ellen accompany her to Paris, where she would do well by her.

Ellen also preferred this course, for she loved the lady and had received much proof of her kindness already, and she was loath to give up her wish to see Paris. The lady assured her father if E. became dissatisfied or at any time preferred to go to him, she would herself accompany her and leave her in his charge; she would also write often and keep him advised of her circumstances.

Satisfied of the real benevolence of this lady's intention toward his child, and of her ability to do better for her than he could, for his means were limited, he concluded not to interfere with their previous plans. After giving E. much good counsel and several tokens of his regard, he left them; and as the object of his mission was now accomplished, he soon returned to his own country.

Ellen and her mistress embarked at the time appointed for Havre. The voyage was prosperous, and before its termination the lady informed E. that she had "*concluded to adopt her;*" that on reaching Paris she should employ teachers for her in French and music, as well as the ordinary branches, and that she must improve as fast as possible and continue to be a good girl, and she would soon be able to introduce her to her friends, which she should do as *her* "*niece.*" Ellen scarcely knew whether she heard aright;

she was quite bewildered by the joyous prospect so suddenly opened before her; *words* of thanks she had not, for tears at the time choked their utterance, but again and again she kissed the hand of her benefactress and they mingled tears of gladness together. Ellen assured her friend that she would make the utmost exertions to meet her wishes, and hoped she would never have cause to regret the great kindness she had shown her

Now, indeed, a new existence dawned on this child of Providence. They were soon at the destined port, and when they were settled in the home of her "aunt," the promised teachers were procured and Ellen commenced in good earnest to improve the opportunities afforded, and being naturally bright and intelligent, she made excellent proficiency in her various studies and accomplishments. What a contrast was her present to her former life! One might well suppose the change could not be wholly advantageous. Now, servants bowed obsequiously and always stood ready to fulfil her requests, and all the elegancies of dress and ornament were lavished upon her; but these things did not fill Ellen's heart with pride and self-appreciation, as might have been expected. She had learned to realize that *God* was the source of all her mercies, and in these changes, she felt that she was especially

indebted to Him, and this consideration kept her humble.

Ellen found her chief happiness in the society of her aunt, and by her cheerful presence and grateful love brought sunshine to her widowed heart—which had long suffered from the desolations of bereavement. This period was probably the happiest of Ellen's new life, and was succeeded by her introduction to fashionable society, which dissipated a part of the quiet joy she had before experienced. Even in this trying position, she did credit to the advantages which had been bestowed upon her, and by her modest and ladylike demeanor gave her aunt great satisfaction; she soon attracted considerable attention in the circle of her acquaintances.

One of these, a gentleman of excellent character and large fortune, became especially interested and soon asked her hand in marriage. His proposals being approved by her aunt, he was accepted, and after a brief interval spent in necessary preparation, their nuptials were celebrated. The morning of their marriage, her aunt settled upon Ellen a property, to be used in her own right and title, which was sufficient to secure her independence for life. Ellen remained on the continent several years afterward, living very happily with her husband, and she became the joyful mother of two darling sons. The

husband wishing to make a tour through the United States, she left her children with her aunt and accompanied him hither. Of her former history in this country he was entirely ignorant.

Mrs. M. was delighted with this narrative, and as Ellen continually associated her unwearying kindness and efforts for her good, while yet a child, with her present lot; regarding *her*, under God, as the first cause of her good fortune, she felt that it was a blessed fulfilment of the ancient promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." But her heart longed for its more complete fulfilment, in evidences that she was truly a Christian, a child of God, an heir of the Christian's hope and the Christian's heaven. Though seriously disposed and grateful to God for his blessings, she had not a sense of her acceptance with Him. This she was encouraged to pray for and expect. Ellen also informed Mrs. M., that both herself and aunt had corresponded with her father, and before they left Europe, by his invitation, they had visited the home of her childhood. She was introduced to his daughters as their sister, and met again her foster-mother, to whom, notwithstanding the ill-treatment she had received from her, she was much attached. She had since maintained a correspondence with the family and supported the foster-mother.

The next day, Ellen called again on Mrs. M., and brought her marriage-certificate and also her husband's daguerreotype. A time was designated for a visit by Mrs. M. to Ellen's residence, when she called for and accompanied her thither and there introduced her to her husband. She found them surrounded with all the appliances which wealth commands. Ellen with child-like simplicity exhibited to her old friend, her valuable mementoes and treasures, and among them brought out a choice tiny box in which was securely deposited a little golden curl —the identical curl which Mrs. W., yielding to Ellen's importunity, had many years before cut from the hair of her "darling Sophy" and given her. She had loved this child with the deepest devotion, and in all the wanderings and changes of her eventful life, this trifling remembrancer had been guarded as an invaluable treasure.

"Memento of the loved and lost,
Preserved when stormy seas were crossed,
Thou hast a tale that 's treasured deep,
Where young affections never sleep."

It was a grief to Ellen that she could have no hope of again seeing this family, to thank them for all their kindness, and clasp again to her heart her favorite, now almost grown to womanhood. But so far as presents could testify her

gratitude and continued love, they did not lack the evidence of it. A box was left at Mrs. M.'s, which, from time to time, received valuable deposits to be forwarded to them. Among these was a gold watch and chain for "Sophy," a massive pencil for Mr. W., richest books and garments, and numerous other articles, useful and ornamental. And Mrs. M. also received many tangible and acceptable proofs, that "He that watereth others shall himself also be watered." Ellen remained some months in the city and was an almost daily visitor, generally bringing with her choice fruits or flowers, or more serviceable tributes of affection.

It was beautiful to see this lady, not shrinking in the pride of her heart, from renewing again the associations of her childhood, from fear of awakening painful recollections of a time, when want and friendlessness had driven her homeless into the streets; not shunning the friends who had known and cared for her then, nor preferring instead the society of the rich and gay, which she might now command, but diligently seeking them out and endeavoring, with a liberal hand and grateful heart, to repay their kindnesses.

She is now again in Europe, and is about to become the possessor of a large property, which comes to her from her husband's family, and

which, as his wife, she is to hold in her own exclusive right.

In every stage of Ellen's history, we see the blessed effects of kindness, forbearance and faith, in dealing with children; and if these virtues are brought into similar exercise by those to whom the children of the "Home" are continually transferred, we may hope in future years, to gather many interesting narratives of those who have been redeemed from want and degradation, and made ornaments to society and in their turn become instruments of good to others. The far-reaching effect of such efforts, can never be measured in time. How that trifling act—pausing to speak kindly to a beggar-girl, swells into importance, as we see that child a wife and mother, with education, wealth and influence, which she may use for extensive good, and in imagination see these results widening and extending, as they must, even beyond the confines of time.

Had Mrs. M. passed Ellen heedlessly and hurried on to meet her appointment, leaving her where she found her, she would probably have been brought under evil influences, and perhaps have found a premature end in some den of infamy and crime. Thank God that she did not. May Ellen be a star in the crown of her rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. Many of those

who have been objects of solicitude and care in the "Prisoners' Home" and elsewhere, may in this changing world live for years and even for life, unknown to their early benefactors; but when "the books are opened" at the last day, it will be found that a faithful record has been kept of their life's history, and our prayer is that their names may all be written in the "Book of Life." Then, too, shall those receive a full reward, who have undertaken the arduous work of training neglected or orphan children, persevering through all discouragements, "Bearing all things, hoping all things, believing all things and enduring all things." Let such not faint nor undervalue their work—it is the joyful service of preparing jewels for the Redeemer's crown.

Finally, we may all gather encouragement from this case, to do good as we have opportunity, according to that excellent rule, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

CHAPTER III.

THE BROADWAY BELLE.

"Ah me! From real happiness we stray
By vice bewildered; vice which always leads,
However fair at first, to wilds of woe."

A JUDGE of one of our criminal courts, returned to his dwelling from his day's duties, weary and dispirited.

After the evening meal, himself and wife retired to their room, where the latter busied herself in running over the last pages of a new volume, and the former sat warming his feet by the grate, as usual, lost in profound thought. At last, looking up he asked abruptly, "Wife, do you remember Julia Darley?"

"Oh yes, perfectly; she was the gayest of my early acquaintances, and married a son of Colonel Benton. She has met with many reverses since then, but I have heard nothing of her lately. What reminded you of her?"

"I saw her to-day."

"Did you indeed! Where did you see her?"

"It fell to my sad lot to commit her to prison!"

"Are you sure it was her? May you not be mistaken in the person? Her name is not Benton now; she obtained a divorce from her husband, and afterwards married a merchant by the name of Wood."

"I am aware of that. I could not possibly have recognized in her the dashing belle, the bright, the beautiful, and accomplished girl I knew as Julia Darley, twenty years ago. There is not a trace of womanliness, to say nothing of refinement, left in her. Such a wreck! May I never see the like again!"

"For what was she committed?"

"For *vagrancy*. She has become poor, miserable, drunken, and degraded! She has been herding with the lowest creatures to be found in the kennels of this city; black and white indiscriminately! I believe it has made little difference to her lately, and indeed persons who retain any sense of decency, will not harbor her."

"Oh, husband! How you distress me! *Can it be possible* for a human being, possessing her advantages, to fall so low? How did you know her, when she is so much changed?"

"There were several persons in court, who have kept track of her in her downward course. They gave me some scraps of her early history,

which convinced me, that although so greatly changed, she must be identical with the bewitching girl, who in my reminiscences of early friends, has ever beamed upon me, as the bright particular star of my boyish fancy. Go and see her yourself, dear! and then you will *know* how low human nature can fall."

"Where can I see her?"

"In prison."

"In prison! Would I ever dare venture into a prison?"

"You may go with very little sacrifice of delicacy or personal comfort. A meeting is conducted there by ladies on Sabbath afternoons, for the benefit of female prisoners. They meet in a large, clean room, where you will hardly know you are in a prison. If you like I will go with you next Sabbath."

"Well, I will go; I want to see her, and yet I shrink from it."

On the Sunday afternoon following, Judge Newbold and his wife might have been seen wending their way toward the prison, and long before they reached it, their hearts were painfully affected by the scenes they witnessed. Mrs. N., appalled by the surrounding objects, would have turned back in terror, had not her more experienced husband encouraged her to proceed, pointing to the officers standing here

and there, as proof that there could be no danger, even if he were not there to protect her.

Numbers of half-naked children of both sexes were running wildly about, screaming, swearing and fighting. Filthy, bloated, drunken men and women were reeling on the sidewalks, or sitting together on cellar-steps or front door-sills; some stupified with liquor, others so inflamed by it that fiendish passions raged, while the most dreadful oaths and obscene remarks were being bandied among them. Here could be seen all stages of degradation. The cheek of virtue mantled with shame and the eye filled with tears, at the sight of girls scarce in their teens, with brows of brass, and necks and arms exposed in a most unseemly manner, (though sanctioned in circles of fashion,) with painted cheeks, and coarse indelicacy proclaiming their wantonness to every passer-by. "Lost! Lost! So early lost! Oh! where are their mothers and their sisters? Have they been loved and cherished in virtuous homes, as our little ones are now?"

It seemed as if the "moral lazar house," to which they were going, had emptied out its inmates, and they had halted in every street and alley in the vicinity, and by entering eagerly into all kinds of iniquity, were making themselves ten-fold more the children of hell than before. It was evident many of them would be

promptly required to serve another probation within the prison-walls.

On arriving at the place of destination, the judge rang the bell at the large door, on Leonard Street. They were admitted, and seated in a little office on the right, where the names of prisoners are registered, until the matron could come to them. She met them cordially, and after hearing their errand, invited them "to go up into the meeting," which had then commenced. "Mrs. Wood was there, and if they could wait, it would be better to defer their interview until the exercises were over."

To this they readily assented, and were conducted to the room. Some forty wretched women were gathered there, and as the visitors entered they were singing in chorus—

"Stop, poor sinner! stop and think,
Before you farther go;
Will you trifle on the brink
Of everlasting woe?"

This and other familiar and appropriate hymns they sang with spirit, and almost all joined in the exercise. There were many who had good voices, and sang well. One could but wonder, where they had learned these words and tunes, for the practices and associations of their lives, for a long time, had been far removed from psalm-singing.

Then they all knelt in prayer, while one of the ladies offered a simple petition to the throne of grace, adapted to the comprehension and wants of those present.

The 15th chapter of Luke was read and commented upon, especially the parable of the Prodigal Son; and the remarks were interspersed with illustrations and incidents, calculated to secure attention, and impress the subject on the heart.

It was but too evident that some of the seed was falling by the wayside; some among thorns, and some on stony-places. And, oh! how sincerely the sower prayed, that some might fall on ground prepared for it by the Holy Spirit, and bring forth fruit, that would be seen in the day of the Lord Jesus.

Many a deep-drawn sigh, bowed head and falling tear, attested the softening, subduing power of the gospel-message on hardened hearts.

The judge scanned the company over and over, without being able to determine which of several women was the person he had come to see; and Mrs. N. felt sure the matron was mistaken; there was no person there who could be Mrs. Wood.

God has made every face with slight but certain differences, by which it may be known from others; but *sin* with reckless hand, blots

out these differences, and produces among its victims a melancholy conformity of bleared eyes, bloated faces and distorted features. Add to these, a uniform covering of dirt and tatters, and it will not seem strange that it is difficult to distinguish one of these poor creatures from another.

But Mrs. Wood was in that room. Had we been asked to select from among the company the most degraded, imbruted, and hopeless person there, we should have selected her. After the exercises were closed, the matron introduced the poor lost one to Judge Newbold and his wife; and so far did her wretched appearance exceed the description given to Mrs. N., that she was quite overcome by it, and would have fainted, had not a sudden gush of tears come to her relief.

With Mrs. Wood, there was no shrinking at being thus confronted by one who had known her in happier days; nor did the sight of her tears much move her. She talked with indifference, as if not conscious of what she had lost, and spoke of departed ones—husband, parents and children, with an irreverent heartlesness which shocked the listener.

Words of warning and encouragement to mend her ways, made as little impression on her as arrows upon a granite wall. Poor lost creature!

She seemed a sad illustration of those whose consciences are seared, who are "past feeling," and from whom the Spirit of light and love and holy joy has forever departed.

There was no pleasure in prolonging the interview, so the judge and his wife were conducted to another room. When there, the ladies asked Mrs. N., "If it would tax her feelings too much to give them the particulars of Mrs. Wood's history?"

She replied, "It is a sad story, but it conveys some impressive lessons."

"Julia Darley was an only daughter; and her family lived in a style consistent with their reputed wealth. Her father was much engaged in business and political affairs, and therefore interested himself but little in the management of his family, so Julia was left almost exclusively, in her early years, to the care and training of her mother. This was a misfortune for Julia, for Mrs. Darley was a vain, weak-minded and very injudicious woman.

Incredible as it may seem now, Julia was very beautiful, her *petite* form was symmetry itself, and every movement was with a native grace which art can seldom reach. Her cheeks were rosy, and her complexion "fair as the lily." Her glossy brown hair hung in natural ringlets over her neck and shoulders and her

sparkling eye was an index to a fund of wit and humor, which gave life to every circle she gladdened with her presence. Even her rivals, though envious of her charms, were forced to acknowledge her superior beauty. All her life, from the time she could comprehend anything, she had heard her beauty admired, not only by her mother, but by all her mother's friends; for if they were not forward themselves to notice her, Mrs. Darley would be sure, in some way, to elicit a compliment for her idol. Blind to the evil effect upon her child, she would praise her "delicate hand," or "tiny foot," or "pretty curls," or "graceful form." The subject of dress was about the only theme to which she gave earnest thought; it was a continual matter of consultation with dressmakers and milliners, and the topic of discourse with friends. Julia's dress, especially, must be selected with fastidious care. It must be just so rich, and just so becoming; and then there was no limit to the mother's admiration, when she was arrayed in it. No pains or expense were spared to furnish her with every fashionable accomplishment, which could make her beauty more attractive. But there was, comparatively, no attention given to the cultivation of her mind or heart; the jewels within were neglected, while the casket received the greatest care.

No wonder, if under such training, she learned to set supreme value on external appearances and the admiration of the world.

Her mother introduced her very early into society, and she found there, what her heart coveted, adulation and flattery on every hand. But those who knew her intimately, could discover that these influences were having an unhappy effect upon her character. She grew proud, imperious, willful and selfish, while to superficial observers she seemed a sunbeam only bright and beautiful.

When Julia was about fifteen years old, she was sent to a fashionable boarding-school in the vicinity of the city, to complete her education.

A young gentleman was attending an academic institution, in the same town, whose acquaintance she had made in the city, having met him at several of the brilliant soirees of the previous winter.

Frank Benton was connected with the aristocracy of New York. His father was in the annual receipt of a large income, and lived in princely style. He had several older brothers, who have since occupied positions of honor and influence —one was an officer in the army, and another, a member of Congress.

Frank was then about nineteen years of age and had not yet completed his preparations for

college. He had become greatly interested in Julia, at his first interview with her, and was delighted to find her attending school in the same town with himself. He soon found means to evade the rigid rules of the institute, obtained frequent clandestine imterviews with her, and carried on a private correspondence.

Some months after, the fashionable world was electrified by the published report of "an elopement in high life!" The parties were Mr. Frank Benton and Miss Julia Darley. Frank's parents were greatly incensed at this step; it disappointed all their plans and hopes for him, and for a time, a reconciliation seemed impossible.

But Mrs. Darley, while she regretted her daughter's marriage at such an early age, was flattered by her connection with a family of high distinction.

Frank's father forgave him, after a while, and invited them home, and he, some time after, received an appointment in the navy, which called him away from his young bride many months at a time.

Julia's father died soon after her marriage, and in her husband's absence, she resided with her widowed mother, by whose encouragement she returned to the gay circles of fashion, where she was again hailed as a favorite. Led on by her own inclination, and her mother's infatua-

tion, she entered upon an extravagant course of dissipation and folly. She was nightly in company, at the opera or theatre, and attended by different gentleman, with whom she carried on open and most unbecoming flirtations.

Her husband's family were pained and mortified by reports which were constantly brought to them, by officious friends, of her improprieties; and they ventured to remonstrate, but the haughty beauty "did not care what people said about her; she was not going to shut herself up, moping while Frank was away; she wanted society and she would have it."

There was one gentleman, a lawyer, who was her most frequent attendant in public, and was an acceptable visitor at her mother's house. The unfavorable reports which were current could not fail to reach Frank Benton, on his visits home, and, consequently, this attachment, which was based more on passion than on any real merit in each other, gradually waned. This was perceptible in the infrequency and tones of their letters; and at length, rumors reached the young wife touching her husband's fidelity. They did not much afflict her, for she now greatly preferred the lawyer; but, acting on them, she promptly sued for a divorce. Her husband was absent, and his family, in consideration of her generally-improper course, insti-

tuted no defense; so she readily obtained her suit.

Once more free, she openly accepted the lawyer as a suitor; but in this step she did not realize her hopes. He probably became disgusted with her total want of principle, and forsook her, and married one who was better adapted to make him happy.

This was a stinging disappointment, for much depended now, on her securing a wealthy husband. The property her father had left was soon squandered by the extravagance and dissipation of mother and daughter; and now, of course, the allowance had ceased which she had received from her husband. Therefore they must soon change their style of living, and have their reduced circumstances known, or, she must win the prize she sought—a rich husband; and her chances for doing so, were daily growing less. These considerations led her to enter eagerly into company, and all her power of fascination was brought into requisition.

The result was that in less than a year from the divorce, she was married to Mr. Wood, whose name she now bears. But this marriage was in no sense a happy one; they were mutually deceived, each supposed the other had wealth, but found there was only the semblance without the substance.

They lived together a number of years and retained her mother with them. During these years, they resorted to various expedients to make a livelihood, but none were successful; consequently they were often in great adversity. Their difficulties were much increased by the inability of the mother and daughter to adapt themselves to poverty and make the best of it.

The children, two daughters who were born after Julia's marriage with Mr. Wood, were in rags and wretchedness. Neither their mother nor their grandmother knew how to make new garments out of old ones, or to mend and preserve those which were partly worn.

They had no skill to aid in earning a livelihood. They had not the energy, industry and perseverance which could make even their accomplishments available to their support. In this state of things, poverty and suffering were the inevitable lot of the family.

To make matters worse, Mr. Wood became sick. He was a long time prostrated by disease, and also suffered from want and neglect. His idle, listless wife did not minister to his necessities as she might have done. The hand of charity interposed, and he was removed to the Almshouse. And there he died—*died in the Almshouse!*

For a short time, Julia and her mother strug-

gled on together in the bitterness of poverty; and then her beauty proved a snare to her. The tempting bait was spread, and she yielded. She left her aged mother, and taking her two children, she advanced rapidly in the road to ruin! Rather than earn her bread by honest industry, she chose sin and dishonor for her portion, and thenceforth sorrows were multiplied unto her.

Her mother reaped the fruit of her vanity and injudicious indulgence, in the ingratitude, desertion and sin of her child. With no dependence now, and no resources in herself to which she might turn for support, the only alternative for her was the pauper's home. She returned to her native town where she married and had lived in affluence, and there she entered the Almshouse.

Poor woman! It was a sad contrast. "Where now were her gods in which she had trusted?"

There she lived a few years, mostly unknown and unpitied, not even her sinful daughter deigning to visit her; and there she died, *unlamented.*

To what a foolish purpose had her life been spent! She had "sown the wind and reaped the whirlwind."

Julia's violent passions and intemperate habits would not long suffer her to remain a favorite with her paramour. Another and another succeeded him; but each was lower than the former

in what the *world* calls respectability. They would not provide for her little girls, and they, too, poor children, had to become the inmates of the pauper's home.

Now she turned to the intoxicating cup for the excitement she had formerly found in revelry and mirth, and this accelerated her downward course. It was rapidly *down*—DOWN—DOWN.

In every stage of her eventful life, there is one friend who managed to retain a knowledge of her, one who ever thinks of her with sympathy and kind regard.

This faithful friend was no other than her old slave-nurse, "Aunt Sarah." Mr. Darley owned Sarah for several years before Julia's birth, and she was entrusted with the care of her from infancy, until by the act which emancipated the slaves in New Jersey, she was made free. She came to this city and maintained herself comfortably, and by her creditable conduct, won the respect of all who knew her.

Many a kindness this poor woman rendered that family in the days of their decline and poverty; and she clung to Julia with undying love, even in her degradation and sin. Since she has fallen so low as to be a homeless wanderer, I am informed Aunt Sarah has often traced her steps; many a time, in the depths of night, has she found her in some exposed position, likely to

perish; brought her to her own home, washed her, dressed her in clean clothing, laid her in a warm bed, nourished and comforted her, and by these homely charities sought to win her back to virtue.

Such fidelity is beyond praise! And may well shame many who make great pretensions to refined sensibility!

But nothing can long restrain this infatuated woman from the indulgence of evil habits which have now made her their slave!

"Ladies," said Mrs. Newbold, "I have now given you in brief, a sad history of an erring life. For a long time I had heard nothing of Julia, until she was brought before my husband the other day, and committed for vagrancy."

The ladies were deeply interested in this narrative, they inquired if Mrs. N. knew anything now of the children? They hoped they might be able to reach them, and do them good, if they could not save their fallen mother.

Mrs. N. could give them no information concerning the children, subsequent to their entering the Almshouse. The mother was interrogated, and stated that one died, and she neglected to inquire for the other, for a couple of years, and so lost all trace of her: indeed she seemed very indifferent to her fate, whatever it might be.

Mrs. Wood remained in the prison about four

months, during which time the ladies had frequent opportunities to see "Aunt Sarah," for she followed her nursling to the prison, and often came, bringing her some little delicacy or comfort. It was the wish of the ladies that Mrs. Wood was detained thus long in the prison; they hoped by keeping her some time from the intoxicating cup, they might have opportunity to awaken in her, a desire to leave her vicious course and return to virtue, but they were unsuccessful—they could not even induce her to enter an asylum, where she might be provided for, and assisted to reform.

Every thing was done which Christian kindness could suggest, both by those who had known her in better days, and others who had recently become interested for her. But all was of no avail; her superficial education and sinful life seemed to have left nothing upon which to build a reformation; neither conscience, nor principle, nor ambition—there was no character left.

She left the prison, the same reckless, degraded woman she entered it, and for aught we know, she has filled up the measure of her iniquities, and is finding, when too late to mend, that "Sin when it is finished, bringeth forth death," —ETERNAL DEATH!

CHAPTER V.

A FAMILY IN PRISON.

I pray thee deal with men in misery,
Like one who may himself be miserable."

While the Sabbath afternoon meetings in the prison were yet a novelty, a wretched-looking mother was one day observed coming into the room appropriated to chapel-services with the other prisoners, followed by three little children, and carrying one in her arms. The oldest of the four could not have been over six years of age, and all looked pale and feeble, and were covered with dirt and tatters.

After the exercises were closed, we took an opportunity to converse with her, and she related a sad story of desertion and want. Her husband she said had left her, and gone to New Orleans with another woman. She had no means of support, and no friends to assist her, and there seemed no way now for herself and her children to escape starvation, but to go to the Almshouse, it was with this intent, that she was waiting in the prison, for an opportunity to be conveyed there.

We feared from her appearance, that her husband was not alone in fault; for though she was not then intoxicated, her extreme slovenliness, and the similar condition of her children, led us to fear she was addicted to intemperance.

But we resolved to do what we could to save her, though private aid was then our only resource. It was prior to the era of the "Home for the Friendless."

We proposed to provide for the two older children, if she would give them to us, and try to get a place for her, with her babe; to this she readily agreed, and the next day the two children were legally transferred to the Society's care, and she and her babe were removed from the prison, to a temporary home, until another offered.

The conduct of the children on this occasion evinced unusual intelligence, and strong affection. The parting was a touching scene.

"Mother," said the little girl, "the ladies say they will take good care of *us*, but what will become of *you and the baby?*"

The boy, who was about four years old, strove to comfort her, saying, "Never mind, mother! I shall grow big soon, and then I will work, and earn money for you, and we'll all live together again."

A good home was found for the mother in a

clergyman's family, and the babe placed in charge of a worthy woman; the two elder children were taken into excellent families, and the little *two year old* remained with the matron, toddling around the prison.

Much encouragement was felt from the issue of this case thus far. The mother gave satisfaction, and the children were doing well. But these hopes were doomed to sudden blight. In an evil hour the unfortunate mother yielded to temptation, and tasted the intoxicating cup. She thought she was strong, that she could hold a check upon appetite; but no sooner had she tasted, than it came upon her "like a strong man armed," in whose hands she was powerless—"Led captive by Satan at his will." The family with whom she lived were true friends, and yearned to save her from this dreadful snare; they bore with her, and when sober, advised her kindly; with confession and tears she promised amendment, and they tried her again.

After a few weeks, they were mortified and grieved to find the lesson forgotten; she again yielded to her enemy. Thus, several times they forgave her, and restored her to her situation in their service, hoping at last to save her. But finally the evil became too intolerable, and she was dismissed. The Society still bestowed some care upon Mary, hoping that their having the

children, would operate as a check upon her; they procured two or three places for her successively, but in each she disgraced herself, and dishonored the trust reposed in her, by returning to former habits. Confidence in her reformation was entirely lost, and finally when she came to the "office of direction" in a sober interval, and asked to be sent to a place, those in charge of the same, were constrained to refuse her application.

She left the office, and for a time nothing was heard of her. It was feared she had sunk lower and lower in vice, and perhaps had found a drunkard's grave.

About a year subsequently, this woman called again at the office; and she was now so changed that no one knew her, until she told her name. But this time she was changed for the better; she was dressed neatly, and the marked improvement in her health and personal appearance, confirmed her statement, that since she was there before, she had abstained entirely from the intoxicating cup. After leaving the office, (when the ladies refused to recommend her to another situation,) she realized as she had never done before, the depths to which she had fallen. She felt that her case must be desperate indeed, when those friends deserted her, who had taken her from prison, and had stood by her until now.

If she ever changed her course it must be done promptly; for soon she would be past hope, she was already in chains, enslaved to a fatal appetite, which even while waiting under the consciousness of the ruin it had wrought, was urging her on to continual indulgence, and which would hurry her to an untimely death and everlasting misery. The destiny of soul and body depended on the decisions of that hour; but it was an hour of victory! Instead of going to the dram-shop, Mary went to an intelligence office; providentially a person was just applying for a woman to go to the country, and he engaged her. In that family she was sheltered from temptation, and her new resolves found time to strengthen. She was still living there, but had obtained permission to make a visit to the city, to inquire for her children, and see the friends to whom she felt so much indebted for past kindness.

From all we could subsequently learn of Mary, we rejoice over her as one among the few who are permanently saved from intemperance, and we are thankful to our Heavenly Father that he gave us an humble agency, in so blessed a work.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ACTRESS.

"A LITTLE word, in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere."

A WORTHY city missionary, who has now exchanged earth's scenes and labors for the rest and beatitude of heaven, called on a Christian lady whom he knew to be "ready to every good work," and requested her to visit a sick woman, to whom his attention had been called by her daughter, an interesting little girl, who had recently come to the Sabbath-school in company with a child residing in the same house. Inferring from the remarks of the children that the mother was very ill, and also that she had recently moved into the neighborhood, he thought a friendly visit might be serviceable, and therefore took an early opportunity to call upon her. Before doing so, however, he sought an interview with the parents of his Sabbath-scholars, who discouraged his intended visit, "because, said they, "Mrs. Mason will be likely

to consider it an intrusion; she has studiously kept herself in retirement, avoiding notice, declining neighborly attentions, repulsing every one who comes near her, seeming determined to carry out her avowed purpose, to spend the remnant of her days in seclusion and die unknown."

This good man, though grieved by this account of her, was not disposed to abandon an effort to reach her; for he knew that this morbid state of mind was the probable result of peculiar disappointments and trials, in which she needed the consolations of religion to sustain her. But he rightly judged that a judicious, kind-hearted woman would be more likely to gain access to her than himself, and therefore requested the lady to call who is referred to above.

Mrs. L. was about leaving the city on important business, and was much pressed for time to make necessary preparation; she therefore begged him not to depend on her attending to the case; but her mind, during her absence, often recurred to the sick stranger, and she was ill at ease concerning her. On her return she hastened to see her.

Mrs. Mason received her with dignified reserve, which it was difficult to overcome; she appeared to be a woman of considerable cultivation, who had mingled in refined society, and she knew how, by a studied formality, to make it

embarrassing for any one to exceed the liberty she chose to allow. She was very feeble—evidently in consumption, and was much of the time confined to the bed.

Her little daughter, to whom we have before referred, was her only nurse and attendant. She was supposed by the neighbors, as Mrs. L. was informed, to have a small income, though it seemed barely sufficient to provide her the necessaries of life.

In younger and happier days, she had undoubtedly been of fascinating appearance. She was tall and commanding in figure, of dark complexion, with fine, black eyes, and an abundance of glossy black hair. She was now wasted by disease, and her countenance bore a discontented, restless expression.

Mrs. L.'s first interview was brief, and chiefly devoted to a few kind inquiries concerning her sickness, and an effort to interest the child, hoping through her to reach the mother.

This visit was followed up by others, and by delicate attentions to Mrs. Mason's bodily comfort, which, after a time, were received with acknowledgments; but she only came out of this misanthropic state by slow degrees. "The world has used me badly," she would say; "I shrink from its sympathies, and only crave to be left alone to die." Mrs. L. made every possible

effort to convince her of the sincerity of her friendship, and tried to gain her confidence. The mind of the invalid was very hostile to every thing associated with religion; but, after these attentions were continued for a while, she began to allow portions of scripture to be read to her, and manifested interest in them.

The place in which she lived was not comfortable; therefore, as soon as her health and the weather would permit, other apartments were obtained and she was removed.

On one occasion, shortly after her transfer to her new quarters, as Mrs. L. took up the Bible to read to her, Mrs. Mason remarked, "If you have no objection, I would prefer to hear you read the Psalms."

"Why do you especially prefer the Psalms?" asked the friend. With some hesitation in her manner, she replied, "I think they are more appropriate to my case."

"They are very appropriate to persons in affliction," said Mrs. L., "but not more so than the gracious words of Jesus; His promises bring strength to the weak, pardon to the guilty, and life to the dying. It is truly said of Him, "Never man spake like this man."

But, suspecting that there were other reasons which had not been given, she paused, and Mrs. Mason proceeded. "My physician says it is

folly to give so much heed to the Bible; that its teachings are of no more importance than any other ancient book of maxims and allegories, which inculcate exalted morality in an attractive style. He says it is well enough to read the Psalms, because of their poetic beauty and fine imagery; but that for the rest, my time could be otherwise as well employed."

"These words," said Mrs. L., in speaking subsequently of the circumstance, "carried me back as if by magic to scenes and years gone by; they awakened painful memories of the past. I had heard that language before, and as it was repeated, a history of struggles and of victory passed in review before me. These pernicious sentiments were held by one to whom I had been betrothed; I had experienced their subtle influence, and for a brief space had found myself spell-bound by the enchanter, but, thank God! the snare was broken, and I have subsequently learned to love the Scriptures he contemned, and to adore the Saviour he rejected. On inquiring her physician's name, what was my surprise to hear it was the very gentleman whom the language had suggested to my mind.

"Tell Dr. Davies," I replied, "she who was Emma Carter recommends you to read *all* the Scriptures, because, in doing so, she has found them to be the means of salvation to her soul."

Little did this infidel physician expect to hear that the gay, thoughtless girl, whom he had sought to make as sceptical as himself, and had well nigh succeeded, was now an humble messenger of grace at the bedside of the dying. Unwilling to meet her whom he knew so well, he deserted his patient.

How becoming it is, that those who go with healing service to the sick, should be able rightly to minister to the mind diseased, as well as to the body; that the physician should be a man of prayer and a man of faith, experienced in the things of God, and therefore competent to counsel when his healing art is of no avail; to encourage and direct the trust and hope of the sinking one, to the only unfailing resource, the "balm in Gilead," and the "Physician there." It is frequently the case that physicians feel a solicitude in the issue of disease, not less than that felt by the nearest relatives, and not professional interest merely, but one founded in deep affection, which has grown with years, perhaps with a life-time. Suppose such a one at the bed-side of the sufferer, conscious he can do no more, that remedies have reached their limit, and the loved one will soon pass away, the beating pulse will stand still forever; and yet he is dumb, he is a stranger to the consolations of religion, it may be, he is not *a believer* in them. The patient

turns the languid, dying eye to him for comfort, but he has none to offer, and unable to endure the painful scene, he leaves it. Now, if he could repeat the promises, and kneel and commend the soul of the departing to the Divine Redeemer, from whom would these ministrations be received more gratefully, than from the physician in whom the patient has been want to confide, trusting even life itself in his hands? For another reason, a physician should be a man of prayer; amid the responsibilities of his profession, when life and death may hang upon the selection of a remedy, he should promptly turn to the source of wisdom, and there seek guidance, and the blessing of Heaven upon the means employed.

Under a change of medical treatment, and the kindness of friends, Mrs. Mason began to improve in health and also in spirits. She was consequently disposed to take more charitable views of the world around her, and became more communicative concerning the past. By degrees, the following history was gathered.

Mrs. Mason was a native of one of the beautiful towns upon the Hudson. Her parents were respectable people, in humble circumstances, and desirous above all things, to rear their family in industry and virtue. From her earliest years, Amelia's personal appearance had been the

subject of injudicious notice and admiration, which had fostered pride and vanity in her young heart; and it had tended to make her restive in her position, and the routine of domestic duty she was required to share, was irksome and annoying. These feelings were no doubt increased by unreal views of life—the result of fictitious reading, in which, at this period, she freely indulged. The highly-wrought scenes where her imagination wandered, rendered the plain realities of an humble home unattractive and insipid. The love of dress and a desire for fashionable company became a passion with her. Her parents endeavored to check these tendencies. They could not, neither would they indulge her in the display she craved. Amelia thought then, and in after years, that her mother was unduly severe

"There was a time," she would say "when my mother might have led me as she wished. She might have molded and fashioned my character, if she had only depended more on *love* than on *severity*. But she had herself a stern sense of right, and she strove rather to *coerce*, than to *win* me to follow her example and adopt her views. She saw occasion to rebuke me frequently, and being very much tried with my follies and disobedience, she did it with upbraidings, and sometimes with bitterness which

counteracted the desired effect. But I can, and do now make much allowance for what then seemed censurable, because I can appreciate the burden of toil and anxiety which the care and support of a large family threw upon her."

The opinion which this child formed of her mother is not unusual, perhaps; for children form their conclusions more from circumstances than from the exercise of judgment.

One of the sorest trials a mother can have, is the consciousness that she fails to win and attract her child to her. Minds as well as bodies are constituted differently. All do not possess the warm, winning, constraining love which enters into some natures, and so happily fits them to influence and mold the minds of youth.

As Amelia could have no hope that her parents would furnish her the style of dress she desired, she came to New York to find sewing to aid her in this object. An advertisement led her to a gentlemen's furnishing store, and she engaged to make stocks, but before the proprietor would allow her to take them away, he required a deposit, to procure which, she pawned an article of dress. She returned home with her work, and stimulated by the motive before her, wrought industriously and with skill, and gave such satisfaction that the employment was continued for two years. But her mother

was very much dissatisfied with the manner in which she appropriated her earnings. Although her objections were just, and ought to have been regarded by the daughter, she was annoyed and irritated by them and resolved to leave home.

Observing an advertisement for supernumeraries at the Park Theatre, she came to the city without the knowledge of her parents, and offered herself for that situation. Mr. Simpson, the manager, was much pleased with her appearance. He saw that she was well adapted in face and form for the stage, and he readily engaged her. She was fascinated with the novelty and excitement of her new vocation, and applying herself earnestly to improvement, soon rose to a higher position. After a time, she accepted engagements in other cities and performed to general satisfaction.

But she had her trials in this line of life also, for she had many unwelcome opportunities to prove the immorality of the persons, as a class, with whom she now associated. However, her dignity of demeanor and virtuous principles were a shield and a defense, and often protected her when exposed to insult.

The annoyances proceeding from this source, were a chief reason for her accepting at this period an offer of marriage from an associate upon the stage, whom she truly loved, but with

whose previous history she was not sufficiently acquainted—as the sequel proved. With this man she lived several years, traveling from place to place, as their engagements led them. They had three children born to them, two of whom died, and the little daughter Lilian alone remained to comfort and bless her mother.

There now occurred a painful interruption to Amelia's happiness: a woman came to her with the necessary proof to claim the father of her children, as her lawful husband! The evidence was ample; he did not attempt to gainsay it, but he would not go with his wife. Amelia would live with him no longer, yet she could not wrest from her heart, its deep-seated love for him, greatly as he had wronged her. And he loved her, and followed her from place to place, giving her no rest from his importunities; but she could not be moved from her purpose never to live with him, and finally to rid herself of his persecutions, she committed a second error, scarcely less fatal to her peace than the former; she married a man whom she did not love, and who was in every way uncongenial to her. This union was only productive of misery, and a separation ensued.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ACTRESS.

Continued.

"Love seeks again those chords to bind,
Which human woe hath rent apart
To heal again the wounded mind,
And bind again the broken heart."

It was not long after Mrs. Mason's separation from her husband, and while her heart was still smarting under repeated deceptions and disappointments, that Mrs. L. found her, failing in health, and in a peculiarly-melancholy state of mind, no doubt induced by these trials, though it was evident her acerbity of spirit had been increased by the coldness and reserve with which she was treated in general society. She was well aware that this treatment resulted from the estimation in which her profession as an actress was held, and felt it to be unjust, and exceedingly cruel on the part of those, who notwithstanding *their open contempt* for the actor, were uniformily the *personal patrons* of the theater.

Amid wrecked hopes and withered expecta-

tions for the future, Mrs. Mason had one treasure left, and this was her little Lilian. She was a sweet-tempered and interesting child and seemed now to be the only link between her mother and the world, the only object left which could awaken hope or loving aspirations in her heart.

In compliance with the child's urgent solicitation, her mother had allowed her to go to the Sabbath school, with her little play-mate, and there she first heard of God! She came home one day, and going directly to her mother's bedside she asked, "Mother, why don't you pray to God to make you well?"

"Who is God, my dear?" the mother inquired.

"I don't know," replied the little one, "but he is somebody who could make you well; the teacher says so; he is very good, and can do every thing for us. Where is he, mother? Don't you know?" she asked with intense interest. Although Mrs. Mason was deeply moved by her child's questions and earnestness, she gave her only evasive answers, for she held the mistaken notion that a knowledge of religious subjects would tend to make her child gloomy and unhappy.

From the beginning of Mrs. L.'s acquaintance with Mrs. Mason, a deep interest had been felt for her by a number of Christians, who had

continually offered prayer to God in her behalf; their petitions were graciously regarded, and Mrs. L. was led to believe that the Holy Spirit was arousing her attention to eternal interests, and ere long she was found earnestly inquiring, "What shall I do to be saved?"

She was gladly pointed "to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world," and after a season of deep repentance, through faith in Him, she found forgiveness and abounding consolation. Her friends were gratified by the evidences that a radical change had been wrought, and they glorified God in her behalf.

Now Mrs. L. was solicitous that she should make a public profession of her faith, and be permitted to enjoy the advantages of union with the people of God. To this end, application was made to the church of which Mrs. L. was a member, to receive Mrs. Mason into their membership. But on learning her previous history they declined doing so, until she had maintained her profession consistently, for some months.

Her Christian friends were grieved with this decision, for they knew the sympathy and encouragement of the church would greatly aid her to steadfastness. They made request of another church that a time might be set for her to "give in her experience;" this was done, and in a simple, clear and humble manner, she

declared what great things the Lord had done for her soul.

Her testimony produced much interest in her favor, but it was not unanimous. And Mrs. L. received a note the next day, from one of the officers of the church proposing, "on account of her previous connection with the stage, to postpone her union with the church, until she had given proof that her conversion was genuine."

Mrs. L.'s laconic reply, "What God hath cleansed, that call not common nor unclean," probably had a good effect, for they reconsidered their decision, and finally accepted her, and a day was appointed for her baptism. She was the only candidate on that occasion and the services were peculiarly solemn and appropriate. The text chosen was, "Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?"

When the ordinance was to be administered, it was necessary, on account of some repairs which were being made, for Mrs. Mason to enter the front door of the church, and pass up to the baptistry. As she moved up the aisle, her tall, majestic figure, robed for baptism, and her expressive countenance revealing a solemn joy in this act of consecration, caused many hearts to join in fervent prayer for her; and the pastor, who was waiting at the altar to receive her, repeated the language of the Saviour, "There

are not found that have returned to give glory to God, save this stranger."

The trials to which she had long been subjected, on account of prejudices against her professional life, still met her at every point, and she found much difficulty in procuring a support for herself and child; her feeble health and previous occupation having unfitted her to engage profitably in ordinary employments. It therefore became a matter of anxiety what arrangement should be made for her. Before any definite course was fixed upon, she was temporarily received and hospitably entertained in different families. One of these in particular, a family of high position, deserve much commendation for the Christian courtesy with which they made her welcome to their home for a long time. When the favor was first asked of Mrs. ———, she hesitated, on account of a daughter, a young lady, who would be brought into association with Mrs. Mason; but her husband overruled her objection, saying, "We will be happy to receive her, Mrs. L., and to treat her with the same respect as any other guest; and I am sure we need have no fears for any evil result to the members of our family;" and his charitable anticipations were fully verified.

A few days after Mrs. Mason's baptism she

was sitting in Mrs. L.'s parlor, when a police officer of higher rank entered who had called to interest that lady in behalf of an unfortunate female prisoner, she having frequently sought his interposition in like cases. As soon as he was alone with her, he asked, "Do you know whom you have here, Mrs. L.?"

"Yes," Mrs. L. replied, "I believe I do. Why, what do you know of her?"

"All that I know of her that is unfavorable," said he, "is confined to a short period. After she separated from her husband, she took a young couple to board with her. The husband was very immoral in his conduct, and the young wife, often confided her griefs to Mrs. Mason. On one occasion she had been doing so and giving way to great emotion, Mrs. Mason meanwhile trying to soothe and comfort her, when the husband entered intoxicated, and in the most brutal manner exulted in his infidelity. His wife fell fainting to the floor, and Mrs. Mason, maddened by his brutality, drew a pistol and fired it at him. A sudden movement of his arm probably saved his life. She had been in the habit of carrying weapons from the time that she entered upon her profession as an actress. She immediately drew a second, and threatened, if the man came near her, to fire again. He summoned me to arrest her, and from the account he

gave of her fury, I expected trouble; but I never saw such an exhibition of dignified wrath. She reminded me of a lion aroused in his lair. However, she surrendered herself to me unhesitatingly, and I conveyed her to the Tombs to await an examination. There was a deficiency of testimony to convict her, and the sympathies of the court being with her, she was discharged."

Mrs. L. communicated to the officer a brief account of the change which had been wrought in her, and of her baptism the Sunday previous; "Now," said she, "I trust she is sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in her right mind."

"Well, Mrs. L.," he replied, "if you succeed in taming that woman, you will have a crown brilliant with gems."

There had been an interval of years since she had seen the man to whom she was first married, or *supposed* herself to have been; nor had she heard of him recently, but she had received intelligence of his wife's death. A letter was one day handed her which had been dictated by this man, who was sick at the hospital, and could live but a short time. He longed to see her, and to know, before he left this world, that she forgave the great wrong he had done her. She went immediately to him and found him nigh unto death. He bitterly repented the sinful life he had led, and especially the decep-

tion he had practiced upon her, which had entailed a life of misery upon them both. She frankly assured him of her forgiveness, and earnestly recommended him to look to Jesus, the sinner's Friend, for the pardon of all his sins and preparation to meet God in peace. He soon after died, and was buried from the hospital.

It was finally concluded that the most feasible resource for Mrs. Mason's support would be a fancy goods store, and her friends contributed the means to establish her in one. A good dressmaker was also located with her, that their combined revenue might afford a comfortable livelihood. But the enterprise was attended with its difficulties, one of which was peculiarly vexatious. It may be well to refer to it particularly here, because it is of much too frequent occurrence. This was the negligence of customers to pay *promptly* for their work. Goods or work were sent home, as ordered, and the bills would be returned with the answers, "The lady will call in a few days, and settle it," or, "She is engaged, and cannot attend to it now;" or, "She has no small change;" and sometimes the "days" would lengthen into weeks and months before she fulfilled her promise, little suspecting the inconvenience, suffering and loss which prompt attention to this simple act of justice would have prevented.

Mrs. L. was one day convened with several ladies who were earnestly endeavoring to carry forward a benevolent project. One of them, of aristocratic taste and position, remarked to her, "I would be glad to join you in helping some of these poor women for whom you are laboring; I cannot visit prisons, nor those wretched haunts in forbidding localities; but is there not something I *can* do? Do direct me in the matter."

Mrs. L. replied, "There is a way I think of just now, in which you can essentially assist a worthy woman, and it may not require labor or sacrifice." She proceeded to give a brief history of Mrs. Mason's establishment in business, and said, "If you can occasionally take her a dress to make, and also recommend your friends to her, you will do her a great kindness."

"I shall be happy to do that," said the lady; "I have material in the house to be made up, and I will take it to her." Her address was given and the lady soon called. Mrs. Mason had been led to expect her, by Mrs. L., and was recommended to take special pains to give satisfaction.

The dress was fitted, and minute directions received concerning the trimmings, which were to be full and elaborate. The quantity of material was found to be insufficient by two or three yards for the style of trimming required and the messenger who was sent to inform the

lady returned, bringing the merchant's card, and directions to purchase what was needed; but no money was sent for the purchase. It was utterly out of Mrs. Mason's power to advance the sum, and in the dilemma she applied for counsel to Mrs. L., who loaned her the money until she should get her pay for the work.

The dress was completed and sent home, but payment was postponed on some frivolous excuse. Again and again it was promised, but did not come. Months had intervened; the bill was still unpaid and Mrs. L. once more met the lady at her own house. Her elegant parlors were thrown open and filled with ladies who had lately enlisted in a benevolent work, engaging general attention among the good and wealthy of our city. Mrs. L. took occasion to inquire, "Did Mrs. Mason's work give you satisfaction, madam?"

"Oh! yes, the *work* gave me entire satisfaction. But, Mrs. L.," she added, in indignant tones, "I supposed that Mrs. Mason worked for ladies! She makes *servants'* dresses! If you had told me she worked for servants, I should never have employed her. I shall not wear the dress; I could not demean myself to put it on."

"Mrs. Mason does whatever work she can get to do," replied Mrs. L., "and I am not sure that ladies' custom is any more profitable to her than that of servants."

We are happy to believe this is an extraordinary case; that ladies professing benevolent feelings towards the unfortunate, seldom act so very inconsistently. But this was one of Mrs. Mason's trials. It is illustrative, in a degree, of many to which she was subjected. She was pursued with other annoyances too, in anonymous notes and vexatious persecutions from her old associates, who never ceased trying to persuade, or force her to return to them and the theatre. Considering her early habits, and the peculiar influences of former years, her friends sometimes feared she had been so affected by them, that she would not have strength of principle and firmness of will, through all temptations, to resist the evil and hold fast the good; and being but a babe in religious experience, that she might not have grace sufficient to keep her steadfast and consistent under all these discouragements and hindrances. Yet they maintained a kind and prayerful watchfulness over her, and hoped for the best.

Her business proved unsuccessful and was relinquished. She removed from the city, and, to the great regret of her friends, was lost sight of; but they are not without hope that it will be seen at the last day, if not before, that the labors and prayers of Christians in her behalf, have been the means of her eternal salvation.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LOST CHILDREN.

Must childhood, with its sunny brow,
Its laughter-loving, guileless heart,
'Mid prison-scenes its spirit bow,
'Mid prison records bear a part?

Better to find an early grave,
And early reach "the shining shore,"
Where bitter waters never lave,
And sin and sorrow blight no more.

During the usual Sabbath services at the Tombs, on one occasion we noticed among the large gathering present two little blue-eyed sisters, very prepossessing in their looks and manners. Although poorly clad, it was evident that they were of American parentage and quite above the class usually brought to the prison as vagrants. Before leaving, the matron very kindly answered our inquiries respecting some of the antecedents of these children; and, their early sorrows strongly enlisted our maternal sympathies. We expressed a wish to remove them from their present companionship, if practicable, and Mrs. F. desired them to come to us that we might talk with them. They

approached us modestly and the elder sister was asked, "My little girl, what is your name?"

"Susan, ma'am."

"And what is yours, little one?"

"Ida."

"That is a pretty name. How came you here?"

"The man we lived with, brought us here last Thursday."

"I suppose he is not your father?"

"No, ma'am."

"Have you a father or mother living?"

"I don't know, ma'am; we haven't seen father in a great while, and mother went away last year."

"Where did she go?"

"I believe she went somewhere south."

"With whom did she leave you?"

"Mr. Brady, in Walker Street; he said he couldn't keep us any longer without pay."

"Do you know why your mother left you, or when she is coming back?"

"She said she would come in warm weather; she often goes away."

"Has she ever left you before?"

"Yes, often; once she left us with my aunty and aunty put us in the asylum; and once we were in the almshouse, when mother came home,

and she came and took us away. She always finds us when she gets back."

"Where does your mother live when she is at home?"

"Sometimes she lives in Albany, and sometimes in other places. We have lived in a prison with mother."

"In a prison! Were you ever in a prison before now?"

"Yes, ma'am; last summer in Albany."

"For what was your mother put there?"

"For throwing vitriol on a man."

"Is it possible! Who was the man?"

"I forget his name; mother was mad at him, and threw vitriol in his face."

"Was your mother unkind to you?"

"No, ma'am, not to us; though she was often very angry. She ran at a man with a big knife; and said she would kill him."

"Was she put in prison for that?"

"No, ma'am; she took us and came away to New York."

During this conversation, the children stood hand in hand, the little one leaning upon her sister. There was a peculiar, helpless, confiding expression in this dear child's face, blended with traces of suffering. She was very small, her growth had been retarded by an injury of the spine. They were bright, intelligent children,

and were very unsuitably clothed for the season. They had on light, thin dresses, more adapted to summer weather, than to this freezing day.

I inquired, "Can you tell me how old you are?"

"I am nine years old."

"And how old is your sister?"

"She is seven years old. She has never been well since she fell, when she was a baby."

"Have you any clothes here beside what you have on?"

"No, ma'am; except our capes and hoods."

"Where are your clothes?"

"Mr. Brady pawned them for our board-money."

My friend and I held a consultation as to what was best to do with the children. The day was far spent, and we were a distance from home, but we could not think of leaving them to pass another night with the degraded women with whom they had been confined already several days and nights.

"I will take one, if you will take the other," said my friend. The little girls drew closer together, evidently unwilling to be separated. "I would take both, she replied, but just now I have several homeless ones in my family: Mary, whom I will keep permanently; and I brought home on Friday a poor friendless child until a home can

be obtained for her; I have also a mother and infant." There was then no "Home for the Friendless"—private charity had to supply its place.

I replied, "I cannot let you have either of these children; you are too ready to take more than your share; it is best they should go together."

The brightening countenances of the children told how much they were gratified by this arrangement. They were soon made as comfortable as circumstances would admit, and went home with me.

A group of happy children welcomed them, and though the sisters were a little shy at first, their diffidence soon wore off and they seemed happy and free as the rest.

Dear, patient, gentle, suffering Ida, how our hearts became knit to her. It was a daily wonder how a mother could desert *such* children.

By all we gathered from them, we were confirmed in the belief that they could hardly be as much exposed to evil any where else, as they had been with their mother—considering her entire neglect of them and her bad example.

We resolved to get good homes for them at a distance from the city; for the older sister this would be easy; but where would we find another Margaret Prior, to take the little cripple to her heart and her home?

Much effort was made to procure good homes for them. It was at first intended to seek one home for both, but a more intimate acquaintance with them, caused us to abandon this purpose, as we found the elder child had been injuriously affected by the mother's pernicious life.

In a few weeks it was our privilege to send both away to excellent families in the country.

As the summer drew near we anticipated, almost daily, a visit from the mother—but time passed on and no inquiry was made for them. We learned that Susan proved to be an active, capable girl, but gave her friends trouble by unhappy traits of character; yet her guardians, with Christian decision, made every effort to overcome and restrain her evil propensities, and gently lead her in the right way.

There was one uniform report of Ida, that she was affectionate, amiable, and lovely.

About five years had passed, since we had taken the children from the prison. No inquiry had ever reached us, and we were inclined to think the mother had died at the South. I had removed to the western part of the state, and there learned that a distracted mother in New York was advertising for two missing children, answering to the description of Susan and Ida.

Advertisements were in every paper; all public institutions were visited, and rewards offered

by the mayor of the city, for information respecting the said children. Great sympathy was felt for the "poor mother," so that public and private effort was on the alert.

A letter came from my friend, saying, "Much as we regret it, I fear we shall be obliged to give up the hope of protecting these children." Poor children! I had little sympathy to spare for the mother who could, time after time, leave them as she had done for months and years together, to the mercy of strangers, and now suddenly awakes to such remarkable anxiety for them.

——— "Behold!
Your grief is but your sin in the rebound,
And cannot expiate it."

But were the children to be taken from homes, where mutual and strong affection had sprung up, where elevating and saving influences surrounded them—now, when they had almost become women, were they to be again committed to *such* a mother? It was revolting to our sense of humanity and justice. But the law gives the priority of right to the parent with rare exceptions, and it is the dictate of reason that this relation should not be infringed, unless the case is beyond a question.

When I returned to the city, the deed had been done. Only a few months before, those who knew the destination of the children had for

the first heard of the mother's inquiries—and, they hesitated, from regard to the children's welfare; but the mother's conscience seemed to have become so keenly alive to the wrongs she had done her family, that it goaded her to phrenzy. She had no rest, day nor night. It seemed strange that one, who had heretofore shown so much apathy toward her offspring, could now suffer so much on their account.

Her apparent state of mind, and earnest promises, encouraged the hope that she would for the future give attention to their comfort and best interest. On this ground they were restored to her.

Oh! what record will the last day give of the balance of their lives? Will the seed sown by Christian friends, flourish in the soil now again to be exposed to adverse influences? Will it prove that that mother was saved through her bitter experience and the good example of her children? Much prayer has been offered for them by many Christians, which we trust will be answered in mercy. May we meet the meek and loving Ida, her sister and mother among the blood-washed throng gathered before the throne of God.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LOST CHILDREN.

Concluded.

[SINCE the preceding chapter was penned, the friend who was present during the first interview with Susan and Ida, and whose interest in their welfare has led her to become personally familiar with their continued history, has furnished the following sequel.]

DARK clouds have gathered o'er thee,
Frail child of early woe,
Sad rending of long-cherished ties
'Twas thine to undergo.

Thy home of peace far distant,
Where flowers their sweets distil,
To haunts as dismal as "the Tombs"
Thou'rt led against thy will.

But there is light before thee,
An outstretched Arm to guide,
Good angels hover o'er thee,
Whatever may betide.

FIVE years had passed since the "Lost Children" and their misguided parent had been re-united. The commercial panic and business revulsion of 1857 had deprived large numbers of employment, who were dependent on their daily labor for the means of subsistence. Scores of destitute families, composed mainly of widows and orphans, were receiving weekly supplies from the "Home

for the Friendless" to sustain them in the struggle for life, through the crisis. The Home managers, missionary and visitors were busy, in season and out of season, in searching out the wants of the necessitous and uncomplaining, that they might impart discriminate relief from the Dorcas and store-rooms, without unduly diminishing the provision made for the daily needs of their large Home family, work-room and schools.

On the day of the stated weekly meeting at the Institution, January —, 1858, among the reports presented by those whose broken utterances testified how deeply the "sight of the eyes may affect the heart," was one respecting the almost starving condition of Susan and Ida, and their sick mother.

Many months had elapsed since we had been able to learn where the sisters might be found, and on receiving the long-sought intelligence, we lost no time in repairing to their residence. Following the directions given—after a weary walk in a tier of dilapidated tenant-houses, located mainly below the level of the street—we found the desolate apartments occupied by the two children, over whom our hearts had so often yearned.

The mother and elder sister were ill, the crippled Ida, still oppressed by labored breathing,

The "Home"

for the [illegible] to sustain them [illegible] struggle [illegible] through the crisis. The [illegible] visitors were [illegible] season, in searching [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] get [illegible] the [illegible] store-rooms, without diminishing the provision made for needs of their large [illegible] and schools.

On the day of the [illegible] the [illegible] reports [illegible]

[illegible]

able to [illegible] the [illegible] in [illegible] following the direct[illegible] found [illegible] two [illegible]

The [illegible] sister [illegible] led [illegible] by [illegible]

The "Home" Chapel.

sat by their sheetless couch, the lone and patient watcher. One look of recognition and she grasped our extended hand, giving expression to the pent-up emotions of a full heart. At length, smiling through her tears, she said,

"I feared I should never see you again, you were very good to come to us. Sister and I could get no work, and my mother has been very sick."

"Have you suffered for food very long, Ida?

"Only when we could get no work."

"But, dear child, you seem too ill to work, even if you could get it to do."

"She does plain sewing and embroidery very neatly," said her mother, "and she has been a great help and comfort to me. I couldn't have lived without her. No child was ever more dutiful." Poor Susan hid her face, which was suffused with tears, for some time. The memory of other days, and the sad contrast in her present and former condition were doubtless making thought-tracks 'mid the deep furrows of the heart. She was now at the age of early womanhood, and had observed the varied phases of human life sufficiently to realize what "*might have been*" her better lot, had she not become "the victim of circumstances," been withdrawn at a critical period from associations and ties that were pleasant and elevating, to mingle again

with those that banish hope and court despair. Several of her childhood years were spent, like those of her sister, in a most worthy Christian family, where she ever enjoyed the luxuries of a full board, and the cheerful converse and loving smiles of those who daily

"Cluster round the altar and the hearth."

Now, how changed!

Ida was called from the room, and we listened for some time to the narration that the mother seemed anxious to give, of what had befallen her and hers since she had obtained possession of the children. She also made many apologies for doing no better for them, and said she had been so much ashamed of her failure to keep her promises to the ladies of the Home, that she had purposely withheld from them the knowledge of her whereabouts.

Of course some of her statements were received with the feeling, that, to deserve full credence, there must be corroborative testimony. Sickness, sorrow and utter destitution, were quite apparent, and these it was our duty to relieve or mitigate.

From the poor neighbors, and otherwise, we had learned that the crippled Ida, had been as an angel of mercy in that miserable dwelling. Suffering and self-forgetting she had been the

filial, uncomplaining toiler for her parent's good, bringing hope and sunshine where all else was dark and cheerless. Wishing to see her alone, to furnish her with a present supply of food and raiment, also to make her the bearer of similar aid to the invalids, on her return, we took her with us to the Home, and afterward suggested an arrangement—when she should be able to leave her mother—to have her spend a day with us, at stated seasons at our own dwelling; a proposal that she was most happy to meet. We thus secured repeated interviews that were continued weekly for a period of several months. During these interviews many pleasant conversations occurred, from some of which—noted at the time for reference—we quote the following.

"What were your feelings, Ida, when you learned that your mother was about to take you away from your home in the country?"

"It would be hard to tell. I wept so much, it seemed as if I must almost die. My foster-parents had been so very kind to me; I loved them just as well as a child could love own parents. You know I was very young when I went there. Well, they appeared to love me from the first; they sent me to school, took me to church, and Sabbath school, gave me good clothing, called me by their own name, prayed with me every day, and taught me from the

word of God. I learned to love the Saviour while I was with them, and I was *so happy*."

"Were they willing to part with you?"

"They were not willing; they thought it very hard that I should leave, when I had been with them so long. Oh, it was a sad hour when I rode away from that dear, sweet home. I would be *so glad* to see it once again. When they told me my mother was coming I could scarce believe I ever had any other mother than Mrs. P——."

"Has your own mother been kind to you these five or six years that you have been with her?"

"Yes; I think she has tried to do what she could, but she's been sick a great deal, and we've all suffered. You know she lived in quite a good house, when she brought sister and me from the country—and the man, she called our step-father, was then doing some business that helped to support us. But he did not continue *temperate* very long, and his bad habits have made us a great deal of trouble."

"Do you think your mother was ever married to him legally?"

"I don't know what to think—I never saw their marriage-certificate. He has done nothing for us in years, is often very unkind to my sister, but is never so to me. *If he would only stay away altogether*, it would be far better. Mother

thinks he has been the cause of her losing every thing she had. When we lived in B—— Street, the first few weeks after I came from the country, he went with us to church sometimes, and seemed willing to hear me read the Bible."

"Did they at any time have family worship morning and evening, like the kind family with whom you lived before?"

"Not till mother asked me to pray with them."

"Do you think your mother has become a Christian?"

"Sometimes I almost hope she has. She often desires me to read to her and pray with her, when she is sick; and I have heard her pray too."

"Is your sister a Christian?"

"She is not. If she had given her heart to the Saviour long ago, it would have saved her from a great deal of sorrow. She has been left alone here for months without a home, or friends to advise or aid her." Tears told the rest—but she added, "She is doing better now."

"Where did you go when you removed from B—— Street?"

"I traveled with mother. We were mostly upon the water for several months. At one time I fell over board and was nearly drowned. Death seemed very near, but all looked pleasant beyond."

"Where was Susan during this time?"

"She remained in New York till we returned. Then mother rented rooms in the tenant-house where you found us; but our troubles here were greater than ever before. I felt many times that if I could not pray to my Heavenly Father and believe that his precious promises were 'all yea and amen in Christ Jesus,' I should be very miserable. We had sickness, and no money nor comforts. Sometimes our neighbors gave us food and some sewing, and I felt thankful that I could do a little."

From the above and other details, it was apparent that the dissipation and profligacy of the companion—whom the mother had represented as her legal husband, "a man of means," &c., at the time she recovered her children—had left her exposed to the keenest blasts of poverty; that her own misdeeds, of former years, had been visited by physical maladies, entailing a heritage for life, of frequent, severe and unmitigated suffering; that remorse for the past, or even genuine repentance—if indeed it existed—could not undo the wrong or avert the legitimate results.

But the more we saw of the patient, grateful, loving Ida, the more we admired her beautiful Christian character, and true filial piety. She had well improved her opportunities for education, in her foster-home, and was intelligent beyond her years. Self-sacrificing and self-for-

getting, dwarfed in person to the altitude of a child of eight or ten, often enduring extreme debility, with an oppression upon the chest, amounting at times almost to suffocation, yet from day to day has she plied the needle with unremitting assiduity to earn a pittance, with which to aid her mother—a mother whose indifference to *her* early well-being had served to blight and darken all her years.

On one occasion we said to her, "Ida, do you not often regret having left your pleasant home in the country?

"I should do so," she replied, "if it were not for my poor mother. I have thought, perhaps I was brought away just to be the means of saving her; and this has long been my greatest desire. My mind is always in peace, and I am happy in the thought that my Heavenly Father knows, and will *do* what is best for me."

This expression of feeling indicates the resigned, peaceful, cheerful state of mind evinced habitually by this child of early sorrow.

Once during the summer, owing to illness and absence from the city, several weeks had intervened since we had seen the crippled form of poor Ida enter our door at the time appointed. Again she came with the same sweet, affectionate expression upon her face, but she was very weary and faint, and *rest* seemed indispensable.

While reclining upon the sofa, panting for breath, some nourishment was brought for which she seemed very grateful. She tried to eat, but her stomach repelled the sustenance offered, and turns of fainting succeeded throughout the day. It was ascertained that she had not tasted food for thirty-six hours, and then so sparingly as to afford no strength to her frail and suffering body.

"Why, Ida, did you not let us know you were starving?"

"You know it's a long way," she replied, "I had no one to send, and kept hoping we should get something, if our Heavenly Father saw best. He helps me always to feel resigned to His will; He has been good to me, even in the hardest trials. I feel these trials, but I often think of my favorite verse:

> 'When no more can grief come o'er me,
> And the world is sunk in shade,
> Heaven's bright realms will rise before me,
> There my treasure will be laid.'

and I always feel comforted by the promise, 'All things work together for good to them that love God.'"

"Ida, you know your friends will be glad to provide you a comfortable place and take kind care of you, if you will consent to the arrangement they propose. Had you not better do so?"

"I would, very gladly, but for my duty to my poor mother. She is sick a great deal, and would pine so without me. She thinks I can do more to comfort her than any one else. If it proves at last that God has made me the means of saving her, that will *pay* for all."

Nov., 1858.—The season has again returned when poverty's most wretched children look without and within, and shrink shivering to their nightly couch, dreading the coming morrow. We have not seen the afflicted Ida for several weeks. The shattered tenant-house where she lived has been demolished, and she has gone to one, as we learn, still more desolate. We must endeavor to find it, and mitigate, if possible, the privations that doubtless still attend her.

A long ride in the cars brings us to a well-known locality, filled with tenements so closely packed that no ray of sunshine can penetrate between them. Down dank alleys, up winding stairways, through dark entries with cautious foot-fall, wondering, as we look on either side, how human beings can live and breathe in such an atmosphere. We inquire in vain for Ida. At length one wiser than others of the motley group who crowd this resort of the poor and the vicious, offers to pilot us to the room we seek, and we gladly consent to follow, we know not

whither. Presently we reach a bolted door marked with the right number, and are informed by a neighbor that the inmates have departed; but still live in the vicinity she cannot tell where.

By pursuing our inquiries fruitlessly for some time we met an individual, from whom Ida had lately sought and obtained work, and were thus enabled to find the present stopping place of the dear child. She had partially recovered from an attack of illness, and was again plying every energy to earn her food and medicine. The same cheerful smile was upon her pale face, and the sweet expression of trust and confidence in that Divine Redeemer, who once said to his disciples, "Lo, I am with you always." Her voice was tremulous as she said, "It is so painful to hear the profane and offensive language of the streets and alleys all about us. This was *why* we left the other rooms. Oh, if the people would all become good."

We suggested again her removing to a more desirable home, and trust she will soon accede to the proposal.

Here we must leave this once *wrecked* but divinely *rescued* one, assured that for her, *soon*, at longest, the severe discipline and conflicts of earth, will have been exchanged for "mansions not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The preceding record, from "the short and simple annals of the poor," illustrates several points, having a practical bearing upon questions, of special moment to the Christian philanthropist, and to suffering childhood all abroad.

First. That the *public sympathy*, often so deeply and widely enlisted, by the clamor of some aggrieved, misguided parent, whose character and ability wholly unfit her to train the children from whom she has been wisely separated—needs to be corrected and transferred from the parent to the child.

Second. It shows the great cruelty often practiced toward helpless children, whose antecedents should command true compassion, and whose *rights*, and also the rights of community at large, entitle them to such early education as may make their *future* bright and hopeful.

Third. It shows further that those who withdraw them from pleasant foster-homes, or refuse them such a boon, when offered, urging the prior claims of parental affection—more properly termed, in many cases, *parental instincts*—thus bequeath to them the life-long remembrance of early privations and wrongs which considerate kindness might have most surely averted.

Fourth. It also suggests to those from whom beloved foster-children have been unexpectedly re-

moved, that although the ordeal has been deeply painful, the precious seed they have been permitted to sow, in life's spring-time, in the garden of the heart, may yet bear fruit, a hundred-fold.

Had Ida never known the blessing of a Christian home, with its salutary influences, the physical sufferings of her short life would most probably have been enhanced by mental wretchedness, and the long life beyond the grave, would not have been anticipated as now, with "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Had not her transfer to foster-parents occurred before the Home was established and *chartered*, the Society would have been able to defend her right to their legal protection. But doubtless a wise Providence suffered it so to be—perhaps to develop a striking example of the discharge of filial duty, prompted only by *principle*, in contrast with its opposite in the case of multitudes, on whom the gifts of love and the appliances of wealth are unsparingly lavished—also of the power of Divine Grace, to sustain and soothe when all earth's hopes have faded.

CHAPTER X.

THE EMIGRANT WITNESS.

"Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt;
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled;
Yet even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial, prove most glory."

Multitudes who come to this country, do so, more from the love of novelty and change, than from any necessity to improve their circumstances —for they were more comfortable at home. This was the case with Mary Gordon; her mother held a life-lease of a small farm near a county town. Her brothers managed it well, and made it yield a comfortable living for the family, and quite a surplus for the market. The avails of what they sold paid their rent and taxes, and helped them to little comforts, such as tea, sugar, or an occasional extra dress. They spun and wove their own linen, checks and woolen cloth—so the cost of their clothing was very light. Their cows furnished them abundantly with milk and butter for use and sale—a good stock of pigs and chickens completed their store of substantial supplies.

The little stone cottage, with its outside newly whitewashed, here and there a flourishing vine running over it, bore an appearance of neatness and thrift, with which the inside fully corresponded. The cheerful turf-fire—table and floor scoured white as sand could make them, and the neat arrangement of the simple furniture, made Mary's home really inviting.

As yet—excepting those whom death had removed—their little family was unbroken; but at the time of our story, the fever for emigration was prevailing in the neighborhood; two or three of Mary's acquaintances had been sent for by their sister in America, who had prepaid their passage-money. Besides, the letters from persons on this side the Atlantic gave glowing accounts of the great advantages enjoyed in this country, "plenty of work," "high wages," and "liberty!" Every one could do as he pleased, and all had equal chances to become "the President." These letters passed around from house to house, and companies of villagers gathered to hear the wonderful news; and then each letter conveyed its own confirmation, in remittances of fifteen, twenty, and thirty dollars to friends at home.

It is not strange that these things created an excitement among the neighbors, and that every family either had its representative in America or desired to send one. But there would have

been less enthusiasm, if they had known that those who sent them money, were themselves literally shoeless and in rags, having saved every possible cent to send home.

Among those who were not fortunate enough to have their passages prepaid by friends, many expedients were resorted to, to raise the price of it. Some hoarded their little income for months to secure the sum required, and others adopted unjustifiable measures to obtain it; a young man sent to town to sell a load of grain—sells horse and wagon too, and away he starts for Liverpool, to ship for America. Another takes advantage of his parent's absence, and sells from the farm a horse or cow, and pockets the price; or lays dishonest hands on money, saved for some specific use.

Mary was raking in the field, with her eldest brother; they were talking of a cousin who had just sent her mother ten pounds, and she could no longer conceal from him, her great desire to join that cousin.

"Oh, Michael," said she, and the tears ran freely to enforce her petition, "If yous would only pay my passage to New York, you'd see how much I could do for ye's! See what good that ten pounds has done now! paid the rint, and bought so many things. Mother won't give me the money,—Oh! if yous will, I can never be a

burden to yous any more, and how much I'll send home! and I'll be forever obliged to you."

"Dry up your tears, girl," says Michael, "you need never cry again about that same. Can you get ready by Friday or Monday?"

"Yis, brother, darlint! I'll be ready Friday."

"Well, get ready, then, and I'll pay for you."

Mary's mother was very unwilling to let her go, but her brother's entreaties, and her own prevailed. She gave her consent at length, and also much good advice, to govern her conduct among strangers. She was placed in charge of some neighbors, who were also coming, and she left her childhood's home, bringing away many good wishes, and leaving behind her many fair promises.

After a few days' detention at Liverpool, which her good brother spent with her, she embarked for the land of her golden hopes. Just before the vessel set sail, a gentleman and gaily-dressed lady came on board, who observed her weeping, and addressed her kindly, inquiring the cause of her grief. Finding, in answer to their questions, that she was alone, that she had paid her passage, and had no friends expecting her in New York, the lady urged her to get back her passage-money, and return with them, and live in England, and promised to do great things for her, if she would comply.

Mary was not disposed to yield to these solicitations, and had many doubts as to the honorable intentions of the lady,—she changed her seat, and they followed her, and continued their persuasions. She informed a lady from Dublin, of their conduct, who bade her "*beware of them*, for they meant no good to her." This lady showed an interest in Mary from that hour, and made arrangements to pass their nights together in her own state room, and kept a special care over her during the passage, which saved her from many annoyances. The voyage was somewhat protracted, but without accident, though there was considerable sickness on board, and some deaths.

When they reached the wharf at the termination of their voyage, it was crowded with those on the eager look-out for expected friends.

Mary feels lonely, and wishes there was some one in that crowd of faces to recognize and welcome her; and, for the first, "home-sickness" creeps over her, as she realizes herself to be "a stranger in a strange land!"

Presently a young man comes forward and asks, "Is there any one here from 'Gaven?'" This was Mary's native town. Several answer in the affirmative, and her name is mentioned among others.

"Mary Gorden!" said he, advancing and

taking her hand, "*Why you are my cousin!*" and he proceeded to prove it, by claiming kin with one and another of her relatives, and calling up circumstances which assisted her to remember him. She was willingly convinced of the fact, and rejoiced to find one in this world of strangers, who was interested in her and her family.

After ascertaining that Mary's neighbors did not design to remain in New York, but would immediately go out West, he expressed a strong wish to have Mary stop in the city, "My wife," said he, "will make her very welcome in our house, until she finds employment, and I can be of much service to her in getting a good place. She had better stay; she can get double the wages here, she can out West."

The matter was left with Mary to decide, and she concluded to accept her cousin's offer. So she parted with her friends at the ship's side, and took a seat in a carriage, of which her cousin was the driver. After a short ride, he stopped before a lodging-house, where he said, he was going to "leave her until evening," as in this part of the day, his business was too hurried to allow him to go home.

The time passed pleasantly enough for Mary. On every hand novelties presented themselves to her curious gaze.

It was quite dark when Gorden came; (this

was his name also;) and he said it would be "necessary for her to walk," for which he offered some plausible excuse, and he "would bring her chest home the next day." They walked a long way, *where* Mary knew not, before they reached his house. He took her up stairs, into a back room; *the wife* she expected would be there to receive and welcome her, was not to be seen; she inquired for her, and Gorden replied, "Never mind her now—this room shall be *yours and mine*, Mary!" She at once apprehended evil, as much from his manner and tone of voice, as from his words; and when he began officiously to remove her hat and shawl, she objected to his doing so. It soon became apparent that his purposes were of the vilest kind, and seeing no other defense, she screamed violently and incessantly, "*Police! Police!*" The base woman who kept the house, was alarmed for its safety, and came to the room door and ordered her to be silent; but this only added vehemence to her cries, until, to prevent an onset from the police, she opened the doors of the house and bade her go. She waited for no second bidding—but as soon as she was outside the door, she renewed her terrified screams, "*Police! Police!*"

An officer promptly responded to her call, to whom she related her story. He immediately arrested the young man, and took him to "the

Tombs," to be examined upon the charge she made; and Mary had to go there too, to appear against him. The examination resulted in his commitment for trial, and Mary was detained in prison as a witness.

It was there I had my first interview with her, ten days after her landing; and in what different circumstances from those she had expected to realize on her arrival.

The matron took an early opportunity to acquaint me with her case; the young man had then been tried, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the Penitentiary, for his offense against the poor young stranger. The jury, before whom Gorden was tried, became so interested in poor Mary, that they made up a sum of money among themselves, and placed it in Mrs. Foster's hands to be used for her benefit. And she had need of their kindness, for through the villain's rascality, she had lost her baggage, and was thus left without money or a change of clothing.

Believing her to be a virtuous girl, and therefore a proper beneficiary for the "Home for the Friendless," which had then gone into operation, We took her there at once, procured her a change of garments from the "Dorcas room," and assuring her of our sympathy and protection, left her composed, and comparatively happy. Never

was I more thankful that Providence had enabled us to establish this safe and appropriate refuge for worthy but unfortunate women.

In a day or two, a situation as a domestic offered, which she accepted; but in a week she returned to the "Home," sick. The ordeal through which she had passed, had been too much for her strength; it was evident she must have, for a few weeks, kind care and nursing, before she would be fitted for labor.

She was retained at the "Home" four weeks, and under the care bestowed she improved very much, and felt able then to avail herself of an opportunity to enter an excellent family, where her duties would be light. Mary did not disappoint the expectations of her friends—she proved to be a good girl and gave satisfaction to her employers. Five years subsequent to the date of our narrative, she was filling the place of confidential servant in a wealthy family, to their entire acceptance; and we presume she is still there.

Mary has continued to visit the Home from time to time; she cherishes grateful feelings towards the ladies who befriended her in the hour of need, and looks to them for counsel and direction.

This was one of the earlier cases which came under the sheltering wing of "The Home," and

one coming directly within its provisions. A home for convicts was not a suitable place for Mary, whether they were discharged or in custody, for she had committed no offense. Her chances for getting employment and a respectable home, without references, and from a prison, were exceedingly small, except through some avenue which benevolence might open to her.

The "Home" was to her this avenue, and it brought about her saving and elevating influences, which changed her destiny, we hope, for both worlds.

Cases have been continually occurring in the history of this Institution, which forcibly demonstrate, that it fills an indispensable niche in public charities; but for obvious reasons the details of many of these, which are deeply interesting, and most clearly exhibit its usefulness, can only be known to a limited number.

Mary's case is published without hesitancy, because, through the trial and police reports, it had previously been made known to the public.

It was peculiarly fortunate for Mary, that she resided out of the city. The injurious associations which gather about a girl after having been in a prison, are very difficult to overcome, especially in the city, where her character is continually subject to injury by the recognition of base persons, who met her there, and who are

ever ready to lay traps to ensnare her, and make her as wicked as themselves. It has often required all the tact and resolution of experienced Christian women, to foil their efforts to decoy innocent but unfortunate women in to disgrace and ruin. In poverty and friendlessness, temptation gains great force, but generous sympathy and timely warning will often "save a soul from death and (prevent) a multitude of sins."

It surprised us when we heard the recital of Mary's escape, that, being a stranger in our country she should have so promptly adopted the best means in her power to secure help, by vociferously calling for the police! We asked her how she knew that doing so would be of any use to her? She replied, "My folks at home, told me if I was ever in danger, to cry out *police* as loud as possible, and fortunately I remembered it."

Thus these simple people had provided Mary with a safeguard among strangers, which many wiser persons have overlooked. Mothers would do well to enjoin this course upon their daughters. I have known remarkable escapes from insults and injury by this ever-available expedient to obtain assistance.

CHAPTER XI.

LIZZIE NUGENT.

"Nor every flower that blossoms
Diffuses sweets around;
Not every scene hope gilds with light,
Will fair be found."

"Sister, I saw your former protegee, Lizzie Nugent, last week; she has just returned from England."

"Lizzie Nugent? I don't remember any one of that name, Joe."

"You certainly have not forgotten that rosy-cheeked girl, that you had in your family some months, and then sent to her friends in Canada, in care of Miss Gillespie."

"Oh, yes! I remember her now; but how is it that she has been to England?"

"She married a British soldier, some two or three years after her return to Canada, and when his regiment was ordered back to England, she went with her husband. She has been intent on purchasing his discharge from the army, and has lately accomplished it, and is now on her way to settle near her parents in Canada."

"Poor Lizzie! I am very glad to hear from her again, and to know that she is doing well."

"She tried diligently to find you, and when she learned that you had left the city, she sought me out. But, sister, what were the circumstances which brought her into your care? I remember there was some mystery in her case, and the earnest gratitude she expressed toward you and other friends, quickens my curiosity to know the particulars. She was evidently reserved on the subject herself, so I forbore to question her."

"My acquaintance with Lizzie commenced when she was in great trouble; her history for a time was a sad one.

"It was the custom for several benevolent ladies, members of the Female Guardian Society, to visit the City Prison on Sunday afternoons, to hold religious exercises with the unfortunate women confined there, and to aid them as circumstances required. This was prior to the organized efforts, for the benefit of prisoners, which now exist.

"The excellent matron favored the efforts of the ladies, and regularly collected the more cleanly and hopeful women in her charge, in a large upper room fitted for the purpose. Here visitors might almost forget they were in a prison, as they noted the attentive and respectful deport-

ment of the women, and listened to their united voices, singing some old, familiar hymns, and saw them humbly bowing together before the Mercy-seat. Often among them were some so young, and innocent apparently, it could scarcely be credited that they were there for crime; nor were they always, for sometimes innocent females were detained for weeks, as *witnesses* in approaching trials; and even children were found here, who were locked up at night with women mature in years and guilt—children who had been taken up as *vagrants*, and were waiting for a convenient opportunity to be sent to the 'Farms.'"

"Was the philanthropy of those ladies confined to the 'cleanly and hopeful' among the prisoners?"

"No, it was not. In the lower tier of cells, the most degraded and depraved of human kind were congregated; women who when at liberty, spent their whole time in beastly intoxication and fiendish brawls; and many were the miserable victims of delirium tremens, screaming and starting with terror at the horrid phantoms of their own brain; and they were often filthy beyond description.

"While the exercises were progressing above, one or two of the ladies would go to these wretched ones, with whom they must submit to

be *locked in*, while they offered pardon and heaven to them in His name, who came to call 'sinners to repentance.' The wretched women would give silent and even tearful attention to the truths spoken, and sometimes there was encouragement that the labor was not lost; but too often, it seemed like seed sown in stony ground.

"But to Lizzie's story. One Sunday a young girl was noticed among the group of prisoners in the upper room, whose face and eyes were so swollen with weeping, that she was quite disfigured; she was only about fourteen years of age, and from the matron's information, and the child's representations, it was believed she was 'more sinned against than sinning.' From the Thursday previous, when she was committed, she had wept incessantly: this was Lizzie Nugent.

"It was decided to investigate her story, and, if found true, to befriend her as she needed; accordingly the wicked woman to whom she referred for the truth of her statement, (and who was the only person she knew in this city,) was sought out, and corroborated the child's statements as much as she could do without criminating herself and becoming liable to the law; indeed, measures would have been taken to bring her to merited punishment, had she not suddenly removed to parts unknown.

"When Lizzie was about ten years of age, her parents emigrated from England with their family, and brought with them a cousin, a young woman who had long wished to come to America, and who improved this opportunity to secure protection and company for the voyage. Mr. Nugent settled in Upper Canada, whither some relatives had preceded him, and his cousin remained with them for a time, but to secure a larger business in her vocation as a dressmaker, she left them and came to this city. She wrote occasionally to the family, and after a few months informed them, that she had married a wealthy merchant, and gave a fine description of her affluent circumstances, and every way advantageous settlement.

"A few months after, she visited them, and her expensive clothing, well-filled purse, and profuse presents, convinced them that her description was not exaggerated. Three successive seasons she visited Canada, sometimes with her husband, of whom her friends saw but little, as they stopped at a hotel.

"During this time Mr. Nugent had suffered from a severe and protracted attack of rheumatism, which had left him a cripple, probably for life; his wife's health had been seriously injured, by the extra care and toil which his sickness threw upon her, not only in nursing, but

also in supporting the family. At the date of Mrs. Webber's last visit they were much reduced in circumstances, and the prospect before them was increasingly gloomy.

"Lizzie had grown up rapidly, and was the picture of health and good nature; her parents had accepted a situation for her in a neighboring family as nurse for a child, for which she was receiving two dollars per month, and even this trifle was an important addition to their scanty income. Mrs. Webber as before, made them valuable presents, which, in their need, were most gratefully received, and finally proposed to take Lizzie with her to New York and give her a home in her own family, and opportunities for education.

"At first her parents were very unwilling to to accede to the proposal, but Lizzie being fascinated with the fine prospects which the change held out, joined her earnest entreaties to the persuasions and arguments of her relative, and finally they obtained a reluctant consent, that she should go for a few months, and then, if she or her parents desired, be placed in competent care and sent back to them. Mrs. Webber tried to quiet their solicitude by many assurances of her faithful attention to Lizzie, but yet the parting was a very sad one, for portentous fears filled their minds, that evil would grow out of it.

"Lizzie's tears were soon dried, and her attention fully occupied in observing things new and strange, on her journey. A few times she was annoyed by the rude gaze of some passengers fixed upon her, or by gentlemen making remarks which seemed to have some equivocal reference to herself, but as she could discover no cause, either in personal appearance or conduct, she concluded these persons were 'Yankees and not gentlemen,' and dismissed the matter from her mind. As they approached the terminus of their journey, gilded visions floated through Lizzie's imagination, of the splendid and happy home to which she was going; and her cousin's representations, in reply to her many curious questions respecting her new life, even exceeded the brilliancy of her own imaginings.

"At length the steamboat touched the pier; they made their way as they could, through the jostling crowd of cabmen, porters and passengers, and having found their baggage and engaged a carriage, they were soon rolling rapidly towards —— White Street. But Lizzie was doomed to bitter disappointment; the house before which they stopped, was an indifferent one, and she soon discovered that her cousin did not occupy the whole of it; nor did it possess any of the elegancies she had been led to expect.

"Mr. Webber did not come home until night,

and then, the manner in which he accosted his wife, and received her, produced strange, undefinable misgivings in Lizzie's mind. At bed-time, a bed was prepared for her in their room, and when she expressed a wish for some other sleeping place, she was roughly told she "*must sleep there.*" She would have *flown* from them at once, if she had known a person in this great city, to whom she could go for succor; but friend or helper she had none.

"Only a few days had elapsed, before her cousin wholly laid aside the guise of decency, which she had worn, and revealed herself in her true character to the innocent and affrighted girl; and though she but vaguely understood the sinful practices of which her relative unblushingly boasted, she knew she had been wickedly ensnared, and was very unhappy. Mrs. Webber laughed at her fears, and by precept and example sought to make her as vile as herself; she would make her the companion of her evening walks on Broadway, the object of which poor Lizzie was slow to comprehend, though she wondered that her cousin so often left her waiting at store windows, while she went another way.

"Day after day she was endeavoring to devise means by which she could leave them, but difficulties thronged about her; she knew nobody, and she could not venture out of sight

of the house without fear of being lost. Her clothes her cousin had in her own keeping, and she had but one dollar in money.

"At this crisis she had proof that Mr. Webber was even more infamous than the woman, and would willingly compass her ruin; this decided her to escape speedily; difficulties dwindled into nothing now, compared with the danger in which she saw herself placed. Her hat and shawl were given her soon after, and she was sent on an errand to a neighboring store; she waited for nothing more, but ran as fast and as far away as possible; fear lent her wings, and she scarcely slackened her pace for hours, nor tarried to note what streets she took, for all were alike to her, if they only led her away from those she now dreaded worse than deadly foes. In her childish ignorance she supposed, in escaping from them, she would be comparatively safe from harm.

"At length, hungry and tired, her steps began to falter, and as night was approaching she wondered where she would find shelter. She looked awhile for a 'boarders'' sign, but found none; then she anxiously observed the countenances of persons passing, hoping to find in some encouragement to ask direction and advice; but as often as she essayed to speak, words failed her, at the moment, and the individual had gone.

"A girl but little older than herself was

coming toward her, and she summoned courage to ask of her, 'Do you know of any boarding-house near here?'

"'Yes,' was the prompt reply, 'I am boarding in this street, in a nice house, and will take you right to it.'

"'What must I pay? I have only one dollar.'

"'O never mind that, the lady will wait until you can get money.'

"'What street is this? I am a stranger in the city.'

"'Are you? This is Leonard Street. Where are you from? Have you just come?'

"Lizzie's heart was surcharged with sorrow, and now she had found one to whom she might speak, she hurriedly and with tears informed her of the great trouble she was in through her cousin's base deception. They were soon at the house and Lizzie was left in the parlor, while her companion called the landlady; an elderly woman entered and kindly welcomed her, and after a little conversation had elicited from the confiding girl all her history.

"Lizzie lamented the loss of her clothes, but the lady comforted her by promising to give her some, and to put her in a way to get more. She left the room for a moment and returned with a French calico dress flounced, which she presented to Lizzie; the poor girl had never worn anything

so gay, and she asked permission to take the flounces off, but was only answered by a hearty laugh at her scruples. She was now conducted to an upper room and informed that she was to occupy it for the night, and as it was near tea-time, the lady told her she needed rest and had better retire early and she would send her supper to the room.

"Lizzie remonstrated at this, assured the lady she was quite able to go down, and did not wish to give trouble; but the lady insisted on her remaining there. After the supper-dishes were removed, Lizzie felt lonely and soon retired, and fell into a sound sleep, from which she was awakened by loud quarreling; there seemed to be many voices of both men and women engaged in it. She thought it must be very late, for she seemed to have been long asleep. The noise grew louder; she could distinguish dreadful oaths and curses and screams of women, and furniture and glass smashing and crashing until her heart stood still with terror.

"She arose and dressed as well as she could, but she dared not leave the room, and indeed, on examining the door, she found she could not, for it was locked on the outside. She tried the windows, they were fastened too, she knew not how, and were evidently far from the yard. She wrung her hands in agony, but being too much

frightened to weep, she tried to pray, but could only utter broken ejaculations. While a Sunday school pupil in Canada, she had committed passages of scripture to memory, which she repeated now, hoping to find comfort from such as: 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' 'What time I am afraid I will trust in thee.'

"She could form no idea of the cause of the quarrel, and her heart fainted within her, as persons hurried by her door screaming and swearing; she expected every moment it would be burst open. Presently she heard a loud knocking as with clubs at the street-door, the noise in the rooms was hushed somewhat, soon the door was forced open, and from the tenor of what she heard, she judged that police officers were in the house; in a few minutes her own door was opened by one of these officials, who, disregarding her protestations and entreaties, hurried her away with the other inmates to the station-house, where they were confined until morning, and were then all committed to the city-prison for disorderly conduct.

A few days after, as I have told you, the ladies found her, and believing her innocent, succeeded in procuring her release. She was placed for a time in the Home for the Friendless, but it was

considered better that she should go into a private family, and I took her—informing none but my husband of her previous history. She remained with me several months, and always seemed childlike and innocent; she was a pleasant and safe attendant upon the children, who loved her dearly. She taught them to sing several of the little hymns she had learned at the "Home." For aught that I could see, she had wonderfully escaped from the contaminating influences to which she had been exposed. While she was with me she united with the church, and her life was consistent with her profession.

"I wrote to her father, informing him of the bad character of his relative and of the snare she had laid for his child; but withheld the facts which occurred between Lizzie's leaving her and coming to me. His reply was peculiar for its expressions of gratitude and Christian trust; then I felt that the father's faith had been a shield for the child

"Miss Gillespie's journey to her brother led her through the town in which Mr. Nugent lived. Some excellent friends aided her to the money for traveling expenses, and we availed ourselves of the opportunity to send Lizzie home to her parents. I heard nothing from her subsequently,

except the report from Miss Gillespie, that she saw her safe at her father's. So, Joe, I have given you a long story."

"It has not been tedious I assure you; if such fruit is gathered from ladies' visits to the prison, I hope they will not be like 'angels' visits, few and far between.'"

CHAPTER XII.

THE BORROWED BABY.

"Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes! she may forgetful be,
Yet will God remember thee."

A visitor on one occasion found Mrs. Foster, the prison matron, engaged in warming some milk. Supposing it was for a sick prisoner, the lady inquired what use she was going to make of it?

"Oh! Mrs. ———," the matron replied, "I have a poor hungry little baby in the prison; it was taken from a woman to-day who was begging in the street with it, but she had borrowed it! The poor little thing is almost starved! An officer took it away from the woman, and brought her and the baby here: we have her in custody and have sent for the mother, but she has not come yet. I wish she would come!"

"Then you know where she lives?"

"Yes! It is not far from here; but come with me and see my baby;" so saying, she led the way to a room where she had left the child in

care of a prisoner. It was a pale, wan, feeble-looking infant, about eight months old, as dirty and miserably clad as might be expected with a mother who would part with it, even temporarily, for such a purpose.

After seeing it comfortably fed, the lady proposed to Mrs. Foster for them to go out together, to find its mother. They repaired to the street and number indicated in the directions given them, and found one of those mammoth tenement-houses, which, since then, have multiplied in all parts of the city. This was the first of the kind they had seen. It was a building fifty feet front, and one hundred feet deep, having an archway to the rear, and divided into apartments for about one hundred and twenty families.

They soon saw they had no small task before them to find a woman whose name they did not know, among such a throng. But they resolved to go about it systematically, and call at every room if necessary, before they would give up the search. It was surprising to find how many of the occupants of these rooms recognised the matron of the prison.

"Mrs. Foster! Mrs. Foster!" was on almost every tongue, as they passed from door to door; and it was not strange they knew her, for at some time or other, the most of them had been in her care; and the visitor found among those

who knew Mrs. F. so well, several whom she had at different times relieved, little suspecting they had ever been inmates of a prison.

At last they found the person they were seeking, a miserable, bloated, depraved creature, almost stupid with liquor, sitting inclined against the wall, and her feet raised upon a chair. In reply to their query, "Do you know where your baby is?" she said, "Yes! it is in the Tombs; but I fell down stairs yesterday, and am not able to go for it." This was thought to be an excuse for disability produced by intoxication, rather than from any injury she had received.

While the ladies were talking with her, another child, about two years old, came to her side, and called her, "Mother." This child was worse off than the baby, for it had not even a few dirty rags to hide its nakedness; although it was winter, the suffering little one was entirely naked! The lady remarked to the mother, that she seemed to have more than she could do to take care of her children; "Let me take this one away and make it comfortable." She hesitated at first, but after a little pleading, seemed disposed to yield, when she was restrained by the objections of persons in the room, especially an ugly-looking man, who assumed authority in the matter. The woman said this man was her husband, but not the father of these children.

The visitor turned away sadly, but purposed to come again soon, and try, when the mother might be alone, to get her permission to remove the child. The matron and visitor bent their steps prisonward again, thankful they had the baby, and determining to do their best to keep it; for even in a prison, it would find better friends than that poor besotted mother.

The next day circumstances detained the visitor, but she sent a messenger to the mother again to beg permission to take away that suffering child. The messenger found the little one and her mother, who was lying on some shavings, evidently dying; and to make the scene more appalling, she was entirely destitute of clothing, save an old coat thrown over her!

Those whom she had called *friends* had deserted her in the hour of mortal agony, except the man who styled himself her husband; but they waited long enough to strip her of the few worthless garments she wore, doubtless to barter them for rum. Yes! when she was helpless from suffering, they stripped her—left her naked; they could not wait until she was dead, for that might bring them into requisition before the coroner, or in some other way prove troublesome, so they gathered all they could, and left her alone with her baby, to die!

O, that deadly draught! What else possesses

such certain power to obliterate the human in man and substitute the brute? And yet young men sip on, and young women invitingly tender the poison, and sometimes partake of it too, *knowing* that its inevitable tendency is to deaden all the finer sensibilities and affections and to develop every unamiable and fiendish propensity.

The mother would gladly now have given up her child to the messenger, but the man again, with brutal language, prevented it.

Prompt measures were taken to bring the case of this woman before the authorities, and procure the immediate help she needed, but before an official visitor could reach her, the coroner was summoned.

Accustomed as that officer is to appalling scenes, he was quite unprepared for this. To find that little hapless child of two years old, the sole attendant upon its dead mother, crying bitterly with cold and hunger—and that mother a victim of intemperance and abuse!

Before entering upon the inquest, he took up the little orphan and carried it over to the prison, that being the nearest public building. There the visitor met it again, and had the happiness, through the "Home for the Friendless," to transfer the little outcast to a kind family where she was adopted, and is being reared with all the advantages which love and ample means

can bestow. She has grown up loving and beloved, an ornament to her sex.

This was when the Institution had just commenced, and was located in a hired house; when it had neither nurses nor conveniences to provide for infants; consequently the baby had to be transferred to the care of the city authorities.

Now, if this mother, besotted as she was, had refused to give up her children, the law would have protected her in keeping them, notwithstanding its doing so would bring them on the public ere long for support or punishment, as paupers, thieves or vagabonds. The death of the mother in this case, prepared the way for a very different destiny for her children, from what apparently awaited them.

A law since enacted, greatly facilitates efforts to save the children of wretched, degraded parents—but it came *too late* for many, whom Christian hearts have yearned to rescue from misery and ruinous influences. How many look back with regret that it did not come soon enough to enable them to permanently save some unfortunate child, for whom they labored and hoped—but its wicked parents arrested their plans, defeated their purposes, and came between their child and hope—for this world and for that which is to come.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN UNNATURAL FATHER.

"FAMINE is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes;
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law."

A POOR child voluntarily presented herself at the prison-door, and asked permission to "come in." She was taken to the matron, to whom she renewed her request.

"Please let me stay in here awhile, ma'am?"

"Why do you wish to stay *here*, my child? Have you no home?"

"No, ma'am; my father and mother died with ship-fever, and I haven't anybody now belonging to me, but my aunt, and she beats me so I won't stay with her. See, ma'am, how she cut my head with a stick," and she pointed to several cuts upon her face, and put aside her matted hair, and revealed some ugly wounds upon her head, to look at which made one sick at heart.

A lady came to the prison soon after, to whom the matron brought this abused child, and

sought her advice as to the proper disposition of her.

"Never," said the visitor, "did I look upon so haggard, imbruted, and perfectly-wretched a face." Degradation, vice and cruelty had done their work; the unhealed wounds, and her tattered, filthy garments, added to the fearful repulsiveness of her appearance. Beside these recent wounds, her face, neck and arms were covered with bruises and scars, the effects of former cruelty, and *hunger* had also left its gaunt impression on her sad countenance. Want and wo were never more strongly depicted in any human being!

Our questions elicited very little information from her, concerning her history or relatives. She seemed to be stupified by the treatment she had received; and this almost destroyed hope of doing anything that would permanently benefit her. We concluded, however, that it was best to take her to the Commissioner of the Alms House, and have her case investigated. His office was in the Park, and thither we went. We were not long in obtaining a hearing, for the appearance of the child appealed to every heart possessed of our common humanity.

After listening to her statement, the Commissioner sent an officer with the child, to the home of her aunt, to see how far her story would be

corroborated; but he was charged "on no account to leave Ellen;" "he must bring her back with him."

He soon returned and stated that the woman kept a low dance-house for children; so that, irrespective of their cruelty to the child, it was a very unsuitable place for her, and she ought not to be returned, although the woman, who was intoxicated, claimed to be Ellen's *mother*, instead of her aunt. Another person beside Ellen returned with the officer. This was a man who represented himself as her father, and indeed her features bore testimony to the legality of his claim. But he was more *brute* than *man*. He not only confessed that he had inflicted the blows which had wounded and scarred Ellen, but he exulted in it. He had "a right to do as he pleased," he said, "with his own; he would kick and cuff her if he liked, and he wanted to see the man that would stop him."

He proceeded thus, cursing and threatening in the most brutal manner, and the poor child, meantime, was cowering before him with fear. He seemed eager to vent his hate upon her, even there, in the presence of the magistrates.

Dreading to give up Ellen to the cruelties of such a parent, the lady thought of an expedient to postpone her return to him, even if she failed to prevent it finally. She said to the Commis-

sioner, "This man claims to be father to this child: *she* says, *her* father is dead; his conduct certainly denies his claim, and I shall take her before a police magistrate, where he must substantiate his statements, if he can." So back they went to the "Halls of Justice," in Centre street, Ellen in charge of an officer, and the lady who had espoused her cause, with her. The brutal father followed close after them, he made a similar exhibition of his fiendish passion before the magistrate, and consequently the child was taken into custody, and committed for farther examination.

The unnatural father shortly returned with the necessary proof; those who had taken an interest in Ellen were then absent, and the magistrate without regard to the child's welfare, resigned her to the father. The magistrate took this responsibility, although he had seen the brutality of the man, and knew the vile character of the home (?) to which she would return.

As was anticipated by Ellen's friends, her father was increasingly cruel to her, on account of the trouble she had given him. In a short time she ran away again, and went to a kind lady who procured a place for her in the country, with a family who would instruct and encourage her as she needed.

At the last accounts she was much improved,

and was progressing as fast perhaps, as could be expected. The family lamented their inability to accomplish more for her, but the treatment of her early years had so dwarfed and injured her intellect, that its development bore but little proportion to the effort expended on her.

The indifference of magistrates to the interests of children, as seen in this, and many kindred cases, often thwarted persons in their efforts to save them from ill treatment and evil influences, and induced the ladies of the A. F. Guardian Society to most earnestly petition our state legislature, to enact a law allowing the removal of children from such parents. As the result of this effort, a law is now on our statute books depriving drunken, vicious parents of the control of their children, when it is evident they would only rear them to beggary and crime.

These petitions led to an examination into the peculiarly-wretched state of this class of children, and ultimately—in connection with kindred efforts—to the establishment of the Juvenile Asylum, and other institutions for their benefit. A general interest was awakened by the facts elicited during these investigations, and the effects are seen in Industrial Schools and "Homes for the Friendless," established all over the State.

CHAPTER XIV.

A REMINISCENCE.

"Adversity! sage, useful guest,
Severe instructor, but the best;
It is from thee alone we know
Justly to value things below."

About twenty years ago, a lady was circulating a petition to the legislature of our state, for a law to punish licentiousness; a crime which was then scarcely recognized on the statute books.

A few doors from her own house she presented it to an intelligent English weaver, who readily signed it, and after a little conversation on the subject involved in the petition, and on others referring more particularly to his personal and eternal interests, he looked up from his shuttle and said, "I wish, ma'am, you would call in and see my wife, in the room above; she is a very good woman, if it is me that says it, who knows her best. She will appreciate what you say, ma'am, more than I can, for I am a poor wanderer from the good way." This testimony from the husband interested the visitor, and she

resolved to make a special effort to become acquainted with his wife; so she knocked at the door and was admitted by a little girl. In the centre of the room sat a tall, and very delicate-looking woman, with an infant of a few weeks old upon her knee, and the rest of her children, two girls and a boy, were playing about her. The children, and indeed everything around, bore the impress of frugal poverty; the poor woman herself, seemed a confirmed victim of consumption, and it might well be a question how any of the family could enjoy health, in the narrow limits they occupied. The principal room was about ten feet square, and contained a bed, and stove; and a loft overhead, reached by a ladder, was the sleeping place for the children. A damp, dark basement, was the weaver's shop.

The lady apologized for the intrusion, by alluding to the husband's commendation, and an interesting conversation ensued. Mrs. Simmons seemed glad to meet one interested in her welfare, in this land of strangers, and she opened her heart without reserve, concerning her religious experience, and past history. She and her husband had been members of the Methodist church, in England, but she had failed to connect herself with any church here, and through sickness, and the sole care of her family, added to

the natural reserve of a stranger, she had but seldom found her way to the house of God, during the five years she had lived here. Her husband, yielding to the disheartening effect of disappointments in business, had become addicted to intemperance, which greatly aggravated her trouble.

It was delightfully evident, that amid all these changes and sorrows, her faith had not forsaken its hold on Jesus; that she still retained the witness of acceptance, and had that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. There was "a class" held in a private house in the neighborhood, to which the lady belonged, and she encouraged Mrs. Simmons to unite with it at once, and thus avail herself of the fellowship and sympathy of Christians. She consented, and did join at the next meeting, and continued a very worthy member until her death, about twelve years afterward. From this time the character and life of this dear woman became a profitable study to her friend. Unwavering faith in God, resignation to His will, and patient continuance in well doing, were ever apparent. Though in such humble condition, her life was "a living epistle, known and read" of many, her light shone clearly and steadily, to the glory of God. She placed unreserved confidence in her new friend, and made her the only earthly

recipient of her griefs. Often, when troubles gathered thick about her, she came to her, and sought sympathy and counsel. Her husband went from bad to worse, until he became only an incumbrance to her—indeed she suffered much from his abuse and neglect.

The period of her last confinement was one of peculiar trial. Her health was then so poor, it seemed impossible she could survive the event. Her friend engaged her own physician to attend her, and intended to see personally to her wants, but was herself taken ill just previous, and consequently did not know, for several days, of Mrs. Simmons' circumstances. She learned from herself, afterward, that her husband left the house directly after the babe was born, and she saw nothing of him for several days. There she lay, two days and nights, without any assistance, except what she could occasionally get from a child, until she feared that she and the baby must die for want of nourishment and attention. She had, for the sake of a low rent, moved into a neighborhood of Irish Catholics, and their antipathy to her as a Protestant, prevented her making acquaintances, or calling on them in this time of need, and she was ashamed to expose her husband's conduct to the physician; so she suffered in silence. A providential visit from an old neighbor probably saved her life.

That summer, her husband wove several pieces of domestic check, and poor Mrs. Simmons went from house to house and store to store, with her baby on one arm, and a piece of check on the other, trying to sell it by small quantities. Thus she toiled through the long, hot days of August. The infant was soon attacked with cholera infantum, and left this world of sorrow. After this, feeble as she was, she went out to day's work, washing, cleaning, &c., to support her family. It was wonderful that she could go through such heavy labor, but the necessity of the case impelled her to extraordinary exertion. It was painfully evident that her strength was unequal to the task; but murmur or complaint was never heard from her lips; once, when her toilsome life was spoken of, she replied in her quiet, and peculiar manner: "The poet says, 'Labor is rest, and pain is sweet.' This sounds well enough *for poetry* but I find *labor is labor.*" Donations were frequently made her from the "Society's wardrobe," which were of great service to her family, though they were always small, because she was scrupulous to receive *only* what was indispensable for present need.

Her children grew up kind, obedient, and considerate of her circumstances. From the time they could do anything, she taught them that they must help her and help each other.

As soon as they could go out to earn anything, they went, and their wages were all brought to mother. While yet children, they voluntarily paid their board, and this assisted her to keep them all with her. The writer called on her one day, about dinner-time. A clean cloth was spread upon the table, and several plates of mush were set around to cool, waiting for the hungry children to come to dinner. This, with molasses, was all the mother could provide, and they were content, while paying what would have procured them superior fare, elsewhere. Although these children had been daily witnesses of their father's bad example—and their mother's cares and labors had made it necessary to leave them much to themselves—*her faith* seemed a shield to protect them from physical and moral harm. One instance of providential care is worthy of notice here. As she was washing a strong linen coat belonging to her son; she found the whole fabric singularly strained and rent at the side pocket; and when she inquired the cause, he gave her evasive answers about it; so she asked a fellow-apprentice if he could explain the matter, and learned that her son had been at work upon a very high, steep roof, he lost his footing and rolled to the eaves, and would have been precipitated to the pavement, but that this pocket caught in a remarkable

manner, upon a projecting point of the scaffolding, and kept him hanging, the weight of his body sustained by his coat, seventy feet above the ground, till help could reach him. With what a full heart she related this wonderful deliverance.

Mrs. Simmons' friend wrote to her relations in England, who were in comfortable circumstances, soliciting aid for her, but they answered as before, "If she would leave her husband, and come home to them with her children, they would help her, but not otherwise." This was an impossible condition—she clung to her husband, bad as he was, with great constancy. He was several times arrested for intemperance, and committed to the city prison, and she as often paid the fine, and released him. When remonstrated with, for this unjustifiable outlay of hard earnings, she said, "I have great fear that my husband will die away from me; he cannot stand it long as he is, and it is my great desire to be with him in the closing scenes of life, to minister to his body, and to gather hope, if I may, for his future safety."

Years passed, bringing little improvement to Mrs. Simmons, but important and trying changes to her friend, during which, opportunities were improved by the former, for reciprocity of kind-

ness: finally the family removed to a distant section of the country; at their parting interview, poor Mrs. S. shook her head mournfully, as the wish was expressed, that she might "see more comfort in future." "Ah!" said she, "I have little prospect of comfort in this life, but, by the grace of God, I'll meet you in the better land; there will be no more sorrow, and no more parting. A few short months, and the intelligence came that Mrs. Simmons was numbered among the victims of cholera. For her to die was gain. For a long time subsequent, no clue to the whereabouts or circumstances of her family could be obtained. After years of absence, the friend returned again to this city; some months since, she was riding in a Sixth-avenue car, when a fine-looking and genteelly-dressed lady entered, and took a seat beside her, whose countenance wore a somewhat familiar expression. After studying the expression awhile, feeling that it could be no other, she said, "Pardon the liberty I take, madam, but was not your mother's name Simmons?" "It was, and this must be Mrs. ———." Many questions were now asked and answered, concerning the family; all the children were married and doing well; and this daughter had experienced religion, and united with the church to which her mother belonged. Her

father left them shortly after the mother's decease, and went to reside in another city, and they seldom saw or heard from him.

This recognition was most gratifying, leading as it did, to such satisfactory information concerning a family who had been for years the object of much solicitude; it brought comfort to the writer's heart to see the mother's prayers answered, long after she herself had gone to rest; and it may comfort other mothers also, for although this is an extreme case, where the children were reared with every unfavorable influence surrounding them, except the mother's example and prayers; yet these were effectual; and though she has not lived to witness and rejoice in the result, it may highten her joy in the heavenly world.

* * Yesterday I stepped into my husband's office; he pointed out a person standing there, and asked, "Do you know that man?"

"I do not remember him."

"That is Mr. Simmons."

He was so much improved that scarce any one would have recognised him, or suspected his former habits. I had only time for a brief interview, but it led me to hope that the wife's faith had reached the husband also, and that he was

entirely reformed. On referring to his excellent wife, he spoke of her with much feeling; said he, "She died as she lived—her last words were, 'James, I hope you will come!'"

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

CHAPTER XV.

THE WEEPING PRISONER.

"O Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!"

A FRIEND of the wretched, when visiting among prisoners, was attracted to a cell by the voice of weeping and lamentation. She found a poor girl who was giving vent to immoderate grief. She interrogated her as to the cause of her trouble, and was told she had "been sentenced to two years in the State Prison, but that she was innocent of the charge laid to her."

The plea of innocence is very common among the prisoners, therefore Mrs. H. could not attach much importance to it; and the sentence having been already passed, there seemed to be no redress. But her sympathies were strongly enlisted and she strove to comfort the unfortunate one, by informing her there was a good woman among the care-takers at Sing Sing, who would be kind to her, and if she behaved well, she would be sure to find friends; and if what

she said was true, and she was convicted wrongfully, she must look to God to defend her cause and make her innocence to appear. Words of kindness failed to soothe, and when the lady left she was literally bathed in tears. The next morning, she was conveyed to Sing Sing.

A few months afterward, Mrs. H., was one day summoned to the parlor, to see a gentleman. On entering, she found an inspector of the State Prison, and with him was poor Kate, whom the lady had left weeping excessively, six months before; and she found her in the same condition now. From the report which she received, she concluded there had been few intermissions to her mourning since she parted from her. The poor girl seemed indeed to be broken-hearted. It was fortunate for Kate that she had found a friend at Sing Sing, to whom she might unburden her sorrow—a kind, good woman who would listen to her tale of woe. The inspector communicated to the lady, Kate's account of herself, as she had given it at the prison; and said it was so far corroborated by circumstances, and that as her general deportment had been very satisfactory, and as he had learned from the assistant matron, that the ladies of the Society would assume the care of Kate, provided she were released from the Prison, he had obtained her pardon from the Governor, and now wished to

leave her in their care. Poor Kate! It was evident she stood in peculiar need of judicious female friends.

The purport of her story was as follows: she was living in a family, whose son, by the grossest deception and promises of marriage, led her into a great wrong. His parents discovered it by overhearing some conversation between them, and to shield their son from disgrace, they devised a plan to have Kate arrested for stealing. They concealed a purse of money in her room and made a complaint against her. A search was instituted, and the money found hidden under her bed. She was arrested, and confined in the City Prison to await her trial.

The young man came several times to see her, and persuaded her not to betray him, promising that she should be cleared, and need give herself no uneasiness, for he would see that it was done. Poor Kate believed him and consented to do as he desired; and she faithfully kept her word, though she was to find herself again deceived by him.

The time came for her trial; she had provided no counsel, nor did she attempt any defence. A gentleman who was present, afterwards informed Mrs. H., that Kate sat throughout the trial, with her face buried in her hands, sobbing convulsively—the very embodiment of woe! *Words*

she had none, but tears she offered abundantly, to expiate her offense or awaken pity for her hard lot.

The parents of the young man testified positively, that Kate had stolen the purse, and through their testimony, a verdict was obtained against her, and she was sentenced to Sing-Sing.

At the next meeting of the Society, her case was made known to the ladies, and after consideration, it was decided to take measures to make the guilty young man sustain the expenses of her sickness, and provide for the child.

Kate was accordingly taken before a magistrate, and swore to his guilt and desertion, but his parents again foiled her, by bringing forward women of low character who swore falsely against her.

The poor girl had suffered so much from their continued attempts to ruin her, that this last act seemed more cruel than the rest—but tears were her only testimony against their atrocious conduct, and they continued to flow many weeks after.

But the Society stood by her, and was at the expense of her board until returning health enabled her to go to a situation in the country with her child.

Her uniform good conduct and untiring industry, the avails of which she applied to the

support of her child, confirmed her friends in the belief that she had been wrongfully accused and imprisoned, to hide another's fault.

About five years after her release, Kate married a respectable mechanic. Time passed on: she was keeping house comfortably, and had her little one at home with her; and up to her death, which occurred a few years since, she continued to acknowledge with gratitude the kind attentions she had received. Through the instrumentality of the ladies, she was led to the Saviour, and after a consistent religious life, died in peace.

At one time while spending a few weeks in the family of one of the managers, she wrote to her parents, giving them an account of her disgrace and trouble, because, as she said, she preferred they should hear it from her, rather than from a third party. Her confession of the sin, into which she had been led, and her petition for forgiveness were affecting. After doing this her mind felt relieved; but still more so on receiving an affectionate letter from her father, telling her that he forgave her, and expressing his fervent gratitude to the kind ladies who had befriended her in her hour of deepest need.

Sorrowful indeed might have been poor Kate's fate, if she had not found a kind motherly heart in the prison, to whom she might reveal her case. Providentially she found,

where she least expected it, just what she needed —friends to pity and help her. If she had not, she would probably have died of a broken heart, before her term of imprisonment had expired; or if she had lived to see its termination she would have come out a wrecked, disconsolate being, to drag out a few more weeks or months of suffering, and die the victim of despair.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MOTHER'S CHOICE.

"Take the bright shell
From its home on the lea,
And wherever it goes
It will sing of the sea;

So take the fond heart
From its home and its hearth,
'Twill sing of the loved
To the ends of the earth."

On a dark November evening, a gentleman was hurrying through Chatham Street, to meet an engagement, when he was arrested in his progress by a hand extended to him, and a soft, plaintive voice asking, in a hesitating manner, "Will you please, sir, give me money for a night's lodging?"

Mr. Minor had been so often deceived by street-beggars, that it had become a rule with him not to bestow his means, where he had not the opportunity to investigate the circumstances of the case, and therefore, he was about to reply in the negative, as usual, when a gleam of light, from a store window, fell upon the hand, and

showed it to be one of peculiar delicacy, which, with the softness of the voice, led him to observe the applicant more closely; and he came to the conclusion, that whatever had brought her to her present condition, she was a novice in this mode of life.

As he passed, the woman remarked, "We have but lately come into the country, and we cannot get employment."

"You speak of others beside yourself—what friends have you here with you?" inquired Mr. Minor.

"My brother, sir; he and I came together to New York."

The gentleman took a card from his pocket and writing upon it his business address, he handed it to her, with some money, telling her to call upon him the next day, with her brother.

The morrow came, and his new acquaintance kept her engagement—she and her brother presenting themselves at his store. When Mr. Minor returned to his boarding-house the previons evening, he related to his young sister, his interview with the stranger, and the lady became much interested; for though unused herself to life's painful experiences, her heart was readily touched with pity for the unfortunate. She enjoined it upon him, if the woman called at the

store, to send or bring her to the house, that she might see her and assist him to relieve her.

His place of business was quite near his residence, and it was, withal, about the dinner-hour when the strangers came, so he thought he could not do better, than to take them directly home, and make their situation known to various members of the family.

When they entered the house, they met a gentleman who evidently recognised, in the young woman, a person with whom he had been familiar in his own foreign home, many years ago. A few minutes occupied in inquiries and explanation, sufficed to confirm her identity; but, oh! how greatly changed! They were both natives of the same city, and had lived neighbors in childhood. Then she was the pet of indulgent parents, and had servants to attend upon her; he had often seen her, as he passed her father's door, playing with her brother and sister, in their beautiful garden, in charge of a nurse, tossing her exuberant ringlets about, in the buoyancy of the romp, and making the welkin ring with her merry laugh.

Ah! her heart was a stranger to anticipations of evil then, and sorrow and fear had not darkened her young life.

Matilda's father was a celebrated professor of music, extensively known and respected in the

community; he lived in elegant style, and, with his wife and daughters, was always a welcome guest in the first families of the city.

He had devoted special attention to his daughters' musical education. And their proficiency in his favorite science, was a source of great gratification to him; but he had fallen into a common error in their general education, that of giving chief attention to the acquisition and cultivation of accomplishments, while the solid branches, which would have assisted in the development and formation of character, and contributed to strengthen the mind, were either overlooked or very superficially learned.

To Mr. Heyne, her early acquaintance, Matilda felt free to communicate many particulars in the chain of events, that had brought about her altered fortune, which, in her timidity, she would probably have concealed from strangers. She informed him, that when she was about fifteen years of age, her elder sister married, and, to the great grief of her parents, who were Romanists, the gentleman she married was a Protestant. Although they could offer no other objection, they would gladly have prevented the marriage, but their daughter's affections had been so deeply engaged, before they knew it, that a regard for her happiness, constrained them to give a reluctant consent to the union.

After this sister's settlement in her own house, Matilda spent considerable time with her, and while visiting there, became acquainted with, and much interested in a gentleman who was intimate in the family. A mutual attachment was formed, which would have resulted in marriage, and there was no reason to doubt it would have been a happy one; for they were of congenial dispositions, and he was known to be a person of sterling worth, with good business prospects. But Matilda's parents had one objection, which could not be overruled; and that was to his religious faith—he was a Protestant; neither persuasion nor argument could alter their decision.

"We have sacrificed one daughter," they said, "from misguided love to her, but we never will another." "No, Matilda," said her mother, "I would rather have you become a beggar in the street, than see you married to a Protestant."

And she had her choice! The idol of her home—that gay, beautiful, admired daughter, did, in consequence of that decision, become a beggar in the street.

The infatuated parents resolutely set themselves to break off the acquaintance between Matilda and her lover; and to accomplish it, they sought the co-operation of the bishop.

Matilda was employed as a singer in the choir

of the cathedral; she had been favored by nature with a voice of great strength and beauty, which had been highly cultivated by her father.

Her parents explained to the bishop, the danger to which their child was exposed, of straying from the bosom of the church, and they requested him officially to direct her removal to the choir of a church in another city. This he did, and the poor girl had no alternative but to yield her will to the united authority of her parents and the "holy father." Soon after, through the same combined management, she was coerced into a marriage with a man altogether unsuitable to her, in age, cultivation and circumstances, and they were sent off to America.

She had been in this country three or four months longer than she led Mr. Minor to suppose in their first interview, and she had misinformed him in another respect also, for the man who was with her, who had chosen to remain in another room, was not her brother, but her husband. He was a mechanic, a carriage-maker by trade; and he had been a great deal of the time unemployed, so that he had failed to provide her with even the necessaries of life. And what was still worse, he had formed intemperate habits, and at times was abusive and cruel in his conduct.

Unfortunately she was almost entirely unacquainted with the use of the needle, and indeed

with domestic avocations generally. So much of her time, when young, was required for the practice of music, that other matters were necessarily neglected. There was nothing now to which she could turn to earn a support but music, and she had depended upon her husband's procuring employment, until she had worn out or pawned all her decent apparel, and she could not appear sufficiently respectable to solicit pupils, or to seek a situation to sing in a choir.

As neither herself nor her husband possessed much principle or native energy, which could sustain them in adversity, they had sunk rapidly to the lowest state of poverty, and had been, for some time past, lodging by the night, in one of those deep, damp basements, in Roosevelt street, which being provided with a bar, and a few apologies for beds, are called "lodging houses." To meet this expense, and procure a scanty morsel to sustain life, she had, as a last resource, gone into the street in the evening, and begged money of gentlemen who passed, while her husband stationed himself at a little distance to protect her if she should be insulted, and probably to keep a watch upon her movements too, for he was disposed to jealousy.

Matilda's story deeply interested her friends; for several ladies and gentlemen, had gathered about her, but no one seemed so much moved

by her narrative as Mrs. Taylor, Mr. Minor's tender-hearted, generous sister. She saw that clothing of every kind was necessary to make the woman comfortable, and she set off through the house, representing her case to such of the ladies as had not heard her tale of sorrow, and soliciting from each one garments for the immediate use of the unfortunate stranger. She found ready contributors, and Matilda was soon arrayed in a full suit of becoming apparel, which so changed her appearance, that Mr. Heyne's report of her former beauty was more easily credited.

With a view to ascertain whether her present proficiency in music, might be made available for her support, she was conducted to the piano, and requested to sing, while Mr. Heyne accompanied her upon the instrument. She chose the following appropriate stanzas, which she sung in artistic style and in a clear, sweet voice.

Farewell, I go to the far-off land,
But though bright that land may be,
There is not a home in the wide, wide world,
That can win my heart from thee.
In the courtly throng of the stranger's hall,
I shall think of the happy band,
And the many joys I have shared with them
In the homes of my "father-land."

I shall count the days, till the hour returns
That shall bring me back to thee;
To the home I love, and the kindly hearts
That have made it dear to me.

O! what joy will burst on my raptured sight
When I see the waving hand,
And hear the song I have loved so well,
In the homes of my "father-land."

Matilda's husband, even there in the presence of strangers, betrayed his rudeness and barbarity towards his wife, for he was evidently displeased by the attentions shown her, and utterly refused to listen to the solicitations of those who were so kindly interested for her, to let her remain with them, until they could procure employment, and a suitable home; and when his wife joined her entreaties to theirs, to be suffered to stay, he became greatly incensed, and even violent in his demonstrations of displeasure. The lady of the house finally bade him leave, and detained Matilda.

But he was not to be driven from his purpose, so he procured the interference of a police officer, and under the cover of his authority, he dragged her away again to the wretched, filthy haunts which had so lately sheltered her.

Those who would fain have befriended her, feared that they should see her no more, and have no opportunity to aid her, as they had hoped, to recover in some degree the respectability she had lost.

In about a week she returned, accompanied by the woman in whose house she lodged, and stated that her husband, in a fit of anger induced

by intoxication, had attempted her life, and when this woman interfered to rescue her, he made a similar attempt upon her, with a large knife; that they were forced to complain of him to the police, in order to protect themselves, and he was now in the Tombs, and they would be required to appear against him at his trial.

She manifested great fear, that his fair promises would induce the judge to discharge him, and then she would be obliged to follow him again, as she had done, into the miserable places they had frequented. He was, however, convicted, and sentenced to the Penitentiary for six months; this gave her friends new hope that they might place her permanently out of his way, and in a position to sustain herself.

She was taken into an excellent family, and employed a few hours in the day in teaching the children, and opportunity was given her to regain her proficiency in music, which she had lost considerably during her wanderings.

There had been frequent misgivings among Matilda's friends, that, in her unsettled life and association with degraded persons, she had formed habits which would unfit her to return to respectable society. About this time, these fears were somewhat confirmed. A benevolent lady gave her some money to be appropriated to purchases which she needed, but a part of it she

spent for liquor, and to the surprise and grief of the family, she was found intoxicated! But persevering efforts to save her were still continued, which afterward resulted more satisfactorily, and gave hope of complete success. Unfortunately for her, judicial clemency released her husband when but half his term of imprisonment had expired, and he came promptly to her friends to inquire for his wife. Failing to procure any satisfaction from them, he watched the house night and day for a long time; and finally resorted to the expedient of visiting the churches, rightly supposing she was likely to be engaged somewhere, as a singer.

After prosecuting his search for six months, he found her, and then pursued her with incessant importunities to live with him again. She had now the means of self-support, and friends ready and willing to protect her; but through irresolution and weakness of character, she at length yielded to these importunities, notwithstanding she knew how utterly wretched her life must henceforth be, through this decision.

This weakness and instability of purpose had manifested itself previously on various occasions, and it gave those concerned for her much solicitude. They believed it to be in part attributable to her defective education and training, for dependence on herself, and earnest, laborious

efforts for her own or others' good had formed no part of her home discipline, and her disappointed affections had probably contributed to increase these defects of character; for the coercion of her parents, by which the love of her young heart was crushed, and all the hopes of life blighted, had left her *a wreck*, aimless, hopeless and inefficient.

Her mistaken parents blindly supposed they were doing all this for their child's highest good, but it was evident it had produced a widely different effect. There were no indications that any appreciation of religion had entered her heart or governed her principles. From the faith of her fathers, for which she had been made to suffer so much, she was entirely alienated.

After Matilda again united her fate with her husband's, she lived several months with him, during which she experienced a renewal of fomer troubles. Then, as her friends had feared, if she was forced into these repugnant circumstances, she left him, and accepted the protection of another; and in the obscurity which she subsequently sought, they entirely lost sight of her.

These parents accounted the elder daughter "sacrificed," but how much more truly was Matilda a victim to their bigoted choice! Poor child! From luxury and fondest indulgence, she

had passed through all this experience of sorrow, hardship and sin—and she was not yet twenty years of age! Her mother was far away, and, in the absence of all intelligence from her daughter, she probably supposed she was dead; but Protestants, meanwhile, whom the mother would have despised, were exerting themselves to befriend and save the child, whom she had cast off to perish. Her name may be no more mentioned in the home of her childhood, and those who sought to befriend her here, in their disappointment, only whisper it occasionally among themselves, so that her history is likely to be numbered soon among the unwritten records of the past, only as it may be temporarily rescued from the oblivion to which it is hastening, by this attempt to use her example as a warning to parents and children to avoid the errors which were so fatal to her peace and well-being for both worlds.

CHAPTER XVII.

A SISTER FOUND.

"No love is like a sister's love
  Unselfish, free, and pure;
A flame that, lighted from above,
  Will guide but not allure.

It knows no frown of jealous fear,
  No blush of conscious guile;
Its wrongs are pardoned through a tear,
  Its hopes crowned by a smile."

In reading the reports of little ones sent from "The Home," and planted in various and distant sections of the country, I have often thought of the families sundered who may never know their nearest kin, though, it may be, residing near each other—brothers and sisters who may grow up strangers. But it is not always so—the changes of future years will doubtless give some of these lost ones to each other again, by coincidences so marvelous that they would furnish a Scott or a Dickens with material for the labor of another lifetime. God's care is over the orphan; and his watchful providence will bring about these reunions whenever He sees it best. An interesting

instance illustrative of this occurred some years ago, before "The Home for the Friendless" had opened its door for the reception of the orphan.

A neighbor with whom I had formed a very agreeable acquaintance came running into my house one morning, her countenance and manner indicating the greatest excitement, and clapping her hands in ecstasy, exclaimed, "Oh! I have found my sister! I have found my sister!"

"Indeed! Do tell me how that has come about?"

"You know I have often told you my parents died when I was very young, and that I was adopted by a kind family, and my baby-sister by another. The "family Bible" came into my possession, and in it was written the name of the family who took my sister, but both families moved soon after, and I lost all trace of them; and all my subsequent inquiries have failed to give me any clue to my sister. How many anxious hours I have spent on her account! How my heart has yearned to find this only survivor of my family, of whom I knew nothing. The uncertainty hanging about her fate has made me feel a thousand times more lonely and isolated than I should otherwise have been. But now I have found her! I have found her!"

"I am thankful," I said, "for this great

mercy; but now tell me where did you find her?"

"Don't you remember a tall and slender woman, neatly dressed, who trades at the corner store? I have often met her there, and I think you must have seen her."

"Yes; I remember her perfectly well."

"She is my sister."

"Can it be possible! And you have met and spoken so often as neighbors, and have not recognised each other before?"

"It is even so. For two years we have lived here within a stone's throw of each other, and have met daily, at the pump and at the store, exchanging ordinary salutations, and never knew each other until this morning!"

"Well, what accident revealed you to each other now?"

Some person in the store this morning made a casual remark upon names, which led me to mention my maiden name. It attracted my sister's attention: "Why," said she, "that was the name of my parents, though I have not been known by it myself. My parents died in my infancy, in the town of ——, and I was adopted by a family whose name I took."

"What was the name of that family?"

"Their name was Strong."

"The same! the same!"

"I sprang to her, and clasping her in my arms I cried, 'You are my sister?—my long-lost sister!—my Adeline! Where do you live? I must come directly to see you!'

"She lives in a neighboring street, and I have been there, and have seen her and her husband; and I am so happy. Oh! I am so happy!" and she cried for joy.

Daily for weeks she came in to talk to me of this dear sister. During the long lapse of thirty years she had cherished the memory and love of that sister as a sacred trust; and now, that she had found her, the manifestations of her love resembled the gushing forth of pent-up waters. Never did I see such devoted love as these sisters exhibited.

The foster-parents of each of the children died while they were young. Thus made orphans a second time, they were placed again in the care and protection of strangers; and this was the reason they had lost all knowledge of each other. Both had married, and the elder sister was the mother of several children. The younger sister had no family. Nothing would content either of them until the younger broke up housekeeping, and with her husband came to reside with the elder sister, and they were thus living very happily as one family when I left their neighborhood.

The case of another adopted child occurs to me, bearing a collateral date with the former, and which strikingly illustrates providential care.

Emilie Burnett was a prepossessing child in mind and person, one of a family of four sisters, who were dependent on their widowed mother for support. A wealthy family, without children, became interested in Emilie, and, after a time, prevailed upon her mother to give her to them for adoption, she consenting to be unknown to her henceforth as her mother. The family subsequently removed from the city; and as no communication was allowed between them, the child soon forgot her relatives. She was educated and introduced into society under most favorable auspices, and at eighteen years of age she was the light of her father's dwelling, and the favorite of a large circle of friends.

About this time her foster-mother died. Ah! then she lost a valuable friend! Only one short year, and her father had married again a lady very little her senior in years, who soon became envious of the attentions the father bestowed upon Emilie; she so annoyed and harassed him, that he concluded to yield to the wife, and part with the daughter. He accordingly took her aside, and confidentially explained the necessity for her leaving his house; and then giving her the niggardly sum of fifty dollars, he sent her forth

to make her way in the world as best she could. She came to this city, found a boarding-place, and advertised for a teacher's situation.

Weeks passed without success. During this time she set to work to find her relatives. She felt that she and they were on an equality now —struggling in poverty to sustain themselves respectably, and that they should at least be favored with each other's society and sympathy She had gathered some items of information from her foster-father, which guided her search, and she soon found them. Nor was it long before she learned their worth—they were a treasure to her more valuable than gold: the counsel and blessing of a fond and discreet mother, and the unfeigned love of confiding sisters, reviving in her own heart the purest of its affections, to which from early childhood she had been a stranger.

After waiting in vain for answers to her advertisement, she concluded to apply for a situation which offered as saleswoman in a store on one of our public thoroughfares. She had not been long there when she was noticed and recognised by gentlemen who had known and admired her in more prosperous circumstances. She conducted herself with becoming reserve and dignity—believing it more honorable to labor for her support than to "live a lady," dependent on capricious charity. Among the old friends who called on

her occasionally, was a bachelor friend of her foster-father's, who, having satisfied himself by observation, that there was no rival in his way, solicited her hand in marriage. She knew he was very wealthy, and calculated to make her happy, yet she modestly, but decidedly, refused him.

When urged for an explanation, she said, "I have a worthy mother and sisters in poverty, and I will not consent to be elevated again above their condition in life without raising them with me. The man I marry, must marry my mother and sisters also."

"Be it so," he said, "I will cheerfully comply with that condition, and honor you the more for requiring it. My means are ample, and I will at once proceed to meet your every wish concerning your mother and sisters, and then you you will be mine."

The family were soon boarding in comfortable quarters, and the sisters were placed in a celebrated school, with funds appropriated for their expenses. This done, he offered Miss Emilie five hundred dollars to procure her marriage outfit; but with becoming pride she politely declined receiving it, and having scrupulously saved her earnings, as well as the somewhat extensive wardrobe she brought from home, she managed to make out a very suitable bridal dress and out-

fit. She was married in one of our fashionable churches, and sailed immediately for Europe.

Having made the tour of the continent, they returned, and she took at once an undisputed position among the aristocracy of the city, though we may believe she had little sympathy with the fashions and foibles of the "upper ten;" that the discipline she had undergone, had taught her not to trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God; and that she regarded herself as His steward, and as accountable to Him for the improvement of the talents committed to her care.

In view of all the blessings she had found through her father's unkindness, she might well say to him, as Joseph did to his brethren, "So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God."

It is worthy the consideration of persons who adopt children, whether it might not be judicious to prepare a record of their history, which might be kept sealed and safely deposited until they are of age. It might facilitate the inheritance of property, or the recognition of relatives, amid the changes of future years. Persons often desire that the child may not know the true relation he holds to the family—may not know but what he is their own by birth. Sometimes even where the greatest caution has been used to preserve the secret, the truth may reach the child, and

may awaken bitter and lasting disappointment, which an early knowledge of facts would have prevented.

There are considerations for and against either course; but whichever is taken, some clue should be preserved which could be available if necessary.

CHAPTER XVIII.

STRUGGLES OF AN INEBRIATE WOMAN.

"What war so cruel, or what siege so sore,
As that which strong temptation doth apply
Against the fort of reason evermore,
To bring the soul into captivity?"

Who can estimate the desperate effort of the drunkard, when he arouses from his stupor, and strives to break the chains which have bound him? Surely none but those who have been fettered in the same captivity of evil habit. Those who follow him to aid, encourage and save him in time of need, may see the conflict, but still are entirely ignorant of the inward weakness, in attempting to do right. It has been our lot to witness a series of such struggles, in one who was providentially thrown in our way, whose reformation we earnestly labored to complete. A seamstress was needed in our family. A physician recommended one of his patients, "A woman skillful with her needle, but poor and friendless—take her, befriend, and do her good," was his benevolent counsel. Our first interview with the person in question, impressed us favor-

ably, yet we wondered at the extreme poverty which her scanty clothing indicated. We knew the doctor was treating her for an eruption on her face; so we charitably attributed its appearance to disease alone.

A better acquaintance won our deepest sympathy. She had endured more than an ordinary share of sorrow. She was a widow, desolate indeed. She had lived happily with her husband, though to marry him she had disobeyed her father—it was the only instance she remembered in which she ever crossed his will.

They had buried four of their five children, one little "sunbeam" only remained to cheer their desolated home, when by a mysterious providence her husband was suddenly removed. He had left her for an hour's sail, but returned not at the appointed time; she awaited long, but instead of his well-known step, a stranger's tread was heard; then was announced the sad tidings, "He is drowned." Days of sore agony intervened ere the body was brought to her for burial. And then she was not allowed to look upon him. Alas, poor woman!

She had been religiously trained, and when a child had been taught to trust in her father's God. But she married an unbeliever, and he led her from duty. She neglected the ordinances of religion and forgot the way to her closet;

and now, when this mortal stroke fell upon her, it found her without a refuge. She had made an arm of flesh her trust, and it had become a reed.

It was a common custom, in that day, for families to make free use of liquors. Her husband had nightly prepared his sling and toddy, and urged his wife to join him in a social glass. It became more and more desirable to her, until she thought she could not dispense with it, now she resorted to it to drown her grief. Little did her fond husband suspect the fatal snare he was preparing for his wife! After his death she shut herself up in seclusion, and stupefied her memory with rum; and thus the habit of drinking was confirmed. These particulars of her history we learned months after she came to us. After she entered our service, she applied herself so industriously, with the needle and scissors, that we felt we had found a treasure.

Weeks elapsed, and she had not been out of the house. We expostulated with her, urged her to go out for air and exercise, and especially to go to church. She excused herself on account of her clothing, so we placed a sufficient sum in her hand to purchase a respectable suit, and we felt happy when we saw her dressed, and prepared for the house of God. She did not return until late at night, and then she was intoxicated! This opened our eyes to the cause for her

"diseased" face and her unwillingness to go into the street; for she knew her weakness, and that temptation awaited her, at every corner she met her enemy. What an argument is a case like hers for the abolishment of the traffic!

The next day we kindly but faithfully reproved Mrs. Moore, and set before her, as well as we were able, the dreadful consequences of continuing in such a course. She stated that she called on some friends who persuaded her to take a glass; "but," she replied, "if you will forgive me, madam, it shall be the last time; I will not touch it again." We said, "We have no thought of forsaking you; we will continue your friend as long as you will allow us to do you good. But you must rouse and exert yourself to overcome this dreadful appetite."

Weeks passed again, and we had no cause of complaint; but she would not leave the house, and past experience restrained us from urging her.

Summer had come—the weather was very inviting, and Mrs. Moore ventured out again. This time we warned her, but nevertheless she returned partially intoxicated. This was repeated two or three times and the restraint was gone. On Sabbath she went out; Monday came, and Tuesday, and she had not returned; on Wednesday noon she entered the house secretly and

went to her room. We followed and found her getting money from her trunk with which to continue her dissipation.

What a sad change those few days had wrought! She had evidently been drinking very hard, and was now far from sober. The redness of her face was much increased, her eyes were dull, her speech was stammering, her nice, new bonnet was spoiled, her dress and mantilla were wrinkled and dirty.

We tried persuasion and then authority to restrain her from going out, but with little effect. We took her outside garments and hid them, and placed a guard over her, but she eluded their care and escaped.

We did not see her again in a week or more, and then she came back with *delirium tremens!*

We nursed her and prayed for her, but the effort could scarcely be called voluntary in the matter—a *necessity* seemed to be laid upon us to do all in our power to save this soul. "It was for *just such* miserable, degraded sinners that Christ died." Jesus "came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." This thought sustained us.

When she recovered, her gratitude was unlimited, and she strove to manifest it in many ways.

Her appetite seemed to become ungovernable at periodical intervals, about once in three

months. That time had passed without any farther trouble,, when she returned one Sunday night slightly affected with liquor. Before noon the next day, she suddenly dropped her work, and prepared to go out; as it was unusual, we were sure it portended evil. We stopped her in the hall, and plead with her as for life not to go. There was evidently a great struggle in her mind between duty and temptation. We said to her, "You go now with your eyes open, voluntarily, and if you fall, we cannot overlook it. You will shut yourself out of a good home, you will forfeit our friendship, you will endanger your soul, and you will disgrace your boy. Oh, think of your poor boy!" She cowered under these remarks as if struck with a lash, and answered, "Oh, I must go! It is my fate, I must go! I fear I shall be lost, but I can't help it, I must go! Don't hinder me! Don't hinder me! You have done all you can." And she did go.

A short time after she first came to me, she told me she had a son, a young lad, whom she had not seen in months and she did not know where he was, which made her very miserable. Efforts were made to find him, and they were successful. We were surprised to see him a quiet, gentlemanly youth, of fair intelligence, affectionate and peculiarly respectful to his mother. We seldom have seen a better son.

Many a good mother would count herself blest in such a son. After his mother became intemperate, he had no regular home; and it was wonderful, that, with her example and unsettled life, and no person to counsel or restrain him, he should, to so great an extent, escape the evil influences surrounding him. Surely it was a proof of God's care for the fatherless. To encourage them both we took him into the family. Whatever he earned, if it was a half dollar for shoveling snow, or three or four dollars a week in an office, he brought it all to his mother —they had one purse, and he spent nothing without her permission. This seemed the more remarkable, as she sometimes so sadly misspent their earnings.

After leaving the house, as described above, in disregard of our entreaties, she returned several times, within a few days, for clothes, but too much intoxicated for us to do anything with her; after which we did not see her for weeks. The weather was severely cold, and we feared she had been frozen in some by place, or died with delirium tremens.

One evening a gentleman called and desired to see us. "Madam," said he, "I am chaplain at Blackwell's Island. We have a woman there named Eliza Moore, who says she has lived with you, and that you will use your influence to get

her free. She appears very penitent, and really seems too good a woman to be with the class of persons who are confined there."

"It is a relief," we replied, "to learn that she is there. We feared she might be famishing in the streets with hunger and cold. Was she committed for intemperance?"

"Yes; and for assaulting an officer."

"Knowing what we do of Mrs Moore," we replied, "we think it will be a salutary punishment, if she finishes her time there. We would not do right to release her; not so soon, at any rate. All other means have failed to reform her, it is well to try this."

"I do not know but you are right, madam," he said; "I have called at her earnest request."

We desired him to inform her that we were sorry for her, but thought it might be useful to her to suffer the consequences of her sin—consequences which she had brought upon herself. It might be a lesson which she would not forget in future. A few days had passed; we felt uneasy, and set out to find the station-house from which she was committed, to learn what course we must take to release her. When we returned home at evening, there sat Mrs. Moore! "Don't be angry at me for coming," she said, "I had no where else to go, except among my worst enemies. I am sure I am here in answer to

prayer. Do forgive me, and try me once more; only once more. I could not go where they would tempt me again to sin."

"Be composed," we answered, "we will not turn you away to-night, and if we can be satisfied you will do better, you know we will be glad to keep you."

"This morning," she said, "I felt I could not live through another day in that prison, and I asked my Father in heaven to get me out before night. An hour after the jailer called me and said, on account of my good behavior, he would give me my discharge a month before my time was up. Surely the Lord heard my poor prayer."

Thinking the ordeal through which she had passed might prove a sufficient warning for the future, we set her to work again.

Gratitude seemed to prompt her to extraordinary efforts to serve in every way in her power; her faculty for usefulness in a large family was very uncommon. There was scarcely anything which could be done with scissors and needle, from hat to shoe, for male or female, but she could do it well.

We had often asked her to sign the temperance pledge, but she had always declined. The night she returned from the Island, we thought we would urge it upon her anew; to this end we

called on several clergymen residing in our neighborhood to obtain a printed pledge, but could not succeed in finding one among them.

As we thought such a one would have more weight with her, than one drawn up by us, we concluded to postpone it; but put it off too long.

Scarce three months had passed when we suspected Mrs. Moore had yielded again and we resolved to keep her in at all hazards. We entreated, scolded, threatened, and watched her. On Sunday evening we left others in charge and went to church; but when we returned, she had eluded their vigilance and gone! We sent to every groggery far and near, but no Mrs. Moore had been seen there. We found on returning, that our informant was mistaken; she had not been out, but, ashamed to be seen, she had withdrawn herself to a secluded part of the premises.

Vigilance deferred the crisis awhile, but it came. She broke away from restraint, and plunged deeper than ever into drunkenness and misery. Weeks afterward she came to our kitchen, and begged a morsel of food, for she was famishing with hunger and cold. We were summoned to see her, and she was truly a sorrowful sight! Shame for what she had done seemed to constitute a larger part of her suffering.

She came daily, and we gave instructions to set comfortable food before her; daily she renewed her petition to be allowed to return.

Such pleading may we never be constrained to refuse again. To listen to such agonizing entreaties, and know that we must turn a deaf ear to them, produced feelings too painful for description; those only who have experienced the like can properly estimate them.

"I come to you like the Prodigal," said she, "begging for pardon. Do help me! Don't turn me away! You can save me, and you are the only person on earth who can. Oh, do help me! You are my good angel! Do save me! Tell me what I shall do. How can I reform? If you cast me off, I have no power to resist—I shall be lost! For the love of Christ, save me! As you hope for heaven, pity me! I dare not promise any more, but do try me!"

Every day witnessed a renewal of these passionate importunities. In addition to our own misgivings, and distrust in her power to resist temptation, she was so filthy and sick, that it would give offense to our family if we acceded to her request. But finally we did so, taking her privately to an upper room; we carried her food for several days. We again thought of the temperance pledge, and asked her if she would go with us to the office of the Temperance Union

and sign it? She replied, "I am willing to sign the pledge now, but I cannot subject you to the disgrace of going with me, as I now look; I will be better in a few days and then I will go." We left her heavy hearted. In half an hour we returned, when she remarked, "I have been thinking, if you are willing, I will go right away, I am afraid I shall get out of the notion if I wait." We must confess, we did shrink from being publicly seen in her company in the state she was, but concluded to "bear the cross" for her sake.

She usually wrote a fair hand, but that scarcely legible signature, bore testimony to the ravages of alcohol upon her system. At a certain point, in our way returning, we paused; she was to go to the wretched place where she had stopped during her debauch, and get her clothes, which were detained for a trifle she owed. This place was a room and bedroom, kept by a widow woman, in a low, populous tenant-house. In these limited apartments she usually averaged six or eight poor women, whom she furnished with lodging, and also supplied with rum, which she kept in a jug in her chest, and sold to them whenever she could, "a threepenny glass." She was not afraid to trust them, for drunkards seem to have their "debts of honor," as well as gamblers. She would often, with

seeming disinterestedness, urge them, when hungry and cold, to "take a glass to comfort them," and the temptation, powerful enough under any circumstances, was then generally irresistible. We took Mrs. Moore's hand and said, "Now you are going in the way of temptation again, you must look to the Lord to help you to be firm."

She replied, "What do you think me? sooner than break this pledge, I would lie down on that track, and let yonder car crush me! I am a poor woman, but one hundred dollars could not buy the pledge from me, so glad am I to possess it!"

We had the pledge framed neatly, and hung up in her room, and she kept it so scrupulously, that we began to indulge the most sanguine hopes of her. For about four months she continued temperate, and attended church regularly. We hoped a permanent reform was effected. We well remember the pleasure with which we looked upon her, better dressed than ourselves, prepared to accompany the family to church!

But even the restraint of the pledge, which for a time seemed to have so much force, became like a "rope of sand." Again she yielded, and after a dreadful experience of sin and suffering, she returned again to us on the eve of Thanksgiving, wretched beyond description; we could not refuse her admittance, and her entreaties to

stay prevailed; but it has only been for a periodical renewal of former trouble with her. When we have utterly refused to take her in, her son has managed to get her stealthily to her room, and in the morning informed us of it; we could not blame him, poor boy!

Now she is wandering—we know not where; the last we heard of her, she was being dragged between two policemen to the station-house, screaming with terror, and her garments almost torn off her in the struggle!

Is there yet hope for this poor woman? Can there be? Alas! the prospect is faint indeed. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots! then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil."

Young man, young woman, beware! you may think indulgence harmless now, but it will become to you a thraldom as dreadful as a dead carcase chained to a living body, and constrain you to cry out in despair, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Volumes have been written, and more might be, on the formation and power of habit; but if this plain record of facts fail to impress the reader with the danger of first false steps, vain will be our moralizing on the subject.

CHAPTER XIX.

EARLY EFFORTS IN PRISON REFORM.

"Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

There are probably few persons, in this country, however remote from the city of New York, who do not know that in its very heart, within two streets of Broadway, there stands a prison. It occupies the square bounded by Franklin, Leonard, Centre and Elm streets. The principal entrance is on Centre street, and leads to various court-rooms, which are designated the "Halls of Justice." The prison itself, is familiarly termed "The Tombs." Persons charged with crime, of whatever nature, are here confined previous to and during their trial, and thereafter until they are conveyed to the Penitentiary or State Prison; or if convicted of a capital offense, until their execution, which takes place within these walls; consequently the term of confinement varies from days, to months, and even years. Important witnesses were detained in this building, until the trials came on, and their testi-

mony could be taken in court—though we are happy to learn, at the present time, (1858,) other and more suitable provision has been made for this class of persons, and we hope a change may soon be effected with regard to paupers and children also, who now, though innocent of crime, must wait in the prison, until a convenient opportunity offers to remove them to the different institutions belonging to the city.

The prison was completed in 1836, having been about two years in building, and was a great improvement upon previous arrangements for the comfort and classification of prisoners. The labor and expense of its erection was greatly increased, by the fact that its site is upon ground, which, not many years before, was covered with an immense swamp, called "The Collect." In the early history of the Island, this was a pond of such depth, that it was popularly believed to be "without bottom." Rather a noticeable coincidence, that this building, which for generations may be used as a receptacle for criminals, is located over what has been thought to be—a "bottomless pit!"

This section of the Island was a favorite resort for the "Manhattans," its Indian inhabitants. Around the "Fresh Water" they encamped, for it afforded them excellent fishing—and it had an outlet communicating with the Hudson, which

The "Tombs."

was navigable for their canoes. This stream ran in about the direction which Canal st. now takes; as the city became populated, it was gradually filled up, but the pond remained many years in the condition of a great swamp. It was reputed to be a dangerous locality then, the scene of many a deadly encounter with robbers and assassins, who concealed the proof of their crimes in these miry depths.

Wonderful transitions have taken place on this Island since that day. The red man has passed away and his frail wigwam is supplanted by substantial structures. But in this locality, the evidence of the progress of civilization is not so apparent as could he desired, for although the war-whoop and the wild merriment of Indian festivities are no longer to be heard, midnight revels and drunken brawls are frequently occurring, which would disgrace even demi-savages.

Just after the prison was completed, and the prisoners from the old Bridewell in the Park, had been removed to it, a gentleman with his wife, and another lady, were led to visit it, by a published notice that a fellow-creature condemned to die, was ere long to be executed there. This man was the first to meet this dreadful fate, in that place; since then some thirty others have shared a similar doom. After making their

visit to the unhappy culprit, and endeavoring to point him to the Friend of sinners for hope and succor, in this hour of need, they proceeded to examine the building. They found it constructed with four tiers of cells against the walls, opening upon corridors, in front. Persons confined for light offenses had access to these corridors at all times, as their cells were usually left unlocked; and at stated times, all were allowed to leave them to give opportunity for cleaning and ventilation. The upper tier was appropriated to female prisoners. From almost any part of these corridors, all the cell-doors were readily seen, and there was no hindrance to conversation among the inmates of the prison.

The consequences resulting from bringing together so many degraded persons of both sexes under circumstances of so little restraint, can be readily imagined. The manifest impropriety of this arrangement forcibly impressed the minds of the visitors. So polluted and polluting were the influences and associations of the place, that they were forced to the conclusion, that, although designed to punish crime, it was itself little better than a sink of iniquity.

These ladies were members of a benevolent association, the object of which was the protection and improvement of the exposed and unfortunate of their sex. At their next meeting they gave

in a report of their visit to the prison, and of the impression it had left upon their minds, concerning the condition of the women confined there. The result was the appointment of a committee from their number, to make regular visits to the prison. Mrs. Margaret Prior was the principal member of that committee. She has since entered the heavenly rest, and doubtless received the reward promised to "those who turn many to righteousness." Her extensive labors of love have become well known to the public, through a little volume published by the American Female Guardian Society, entitled, "Walks of Usefulness."

Had that noble philanthropist, Miss Dix, entered upon her peculiar and heaven-born mission at this early day, when not only had no matron been appointed, but the public mind seemed dormant as to the importance of such an officer, how would her woman's heart have been fired with additional zeal and earnestness, to rescue her sex from so great neglect and exposure.

The efforts of the committee were first directed to the improvement of the prisoners by personal conversation and religious instruction.

They soon saw that a library of good books would be of great service in profitably employing the idle hours of such as could read, which were now worse than wasted. The ladies entered on

the work vigorously, and soon had the happiness to see a well-selected library established there. Their next effort was to secure a separate place of confinement for the female prisoners. They petitioned the Common Council to this end, but they were years laboring to effect this change, before they accomplished it, notwithstanding it was so palpably necessary, for the good of the prisoners. It will scarcely be believed that there was at this time only one matron employed in the prisons of the state of New York. Nor were there any separate prisons built or arranged for females, throughout this state.

It must not be supposed that these ladies entered upon this work in the prison, without many shrinkings and misgivings. It was then a new field of labor for women, and so revolting was it in all its attending circumstances, that one of them, who afterward became a weekly visitor for many years, and who was then accustomed to self-denying duties, after making one visit, could not bring herself to repeat it, for more than two years, although she realized the importance of the work and never ceased to urge others to act on the "prison committees;" but she pleaded in excuse for herself, that those "older and more experienced" were better adapted to a task so responsible and difficult.

This lady, as well as most Christians, had often pondered on those words of our Saviour, "I was in prison, and ye came unto me," and wondered what personal duty the language implied. Often had they been suggested when passing the old Bridewell in the Park, the wretched women confined there, thrusting their hands through the grating and calling to the unheeding passenger; and she queried then, "Who cares for these souls?" The inquiry often trembled upon her tongue, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

About two years after the commencement of these systematic visits to the prison, this lady accepted an invitation from the Superintendent of the Sing Sing State Prison to visit that Institution. She there had an opportunity of witnessing the courageous and self-denying efforts of the matron, who was laboring, almost single handed, under inconceivable difficulties, to improve the condition and morals of the female prisoners; there her manifest success impressed the mind of the visitor anew, with the importance and practicability of the work. She determined in the fear of God, to set aside all delicacy of feeling on the subject, and despite the discouraging and loathsome associations which must be encountered, enter upon it resolutely, and never give over, until a complete reformation in the management of females in our city

prison, was effected; and she maintained her purpose and continued her labors in this field, many years, until incapacitated for active efforts by protracted sickness.

She found, on resuming her visits to the Tombs, that the efforts of those ladies who had persevered during the interim, had been productive of good results; the general conduct of the prisoners was more quiet and orderly, than on her first acquaintance with them. Through the inexperience of the visitors, many fruitless efforts had been put forth to secure necessary changes, and thus much labor had been lost.

After about two years of visitation in the prison, the Society was led to enter upon wiser and more effective efforts to accomplish these objects. They petitioned the Common Council to remove the females to that section of the building, which was originally designed for debtors, and which was quite distinct from the other. This ward was about that time left vacant, by the annulling of the unmerciful law confining persons for debt.

Their petition was soon granted, and the removal of the female prisoners was effected. The Society felt that in this change, they had gained an important point, and considered it cause for general thanksgiving, and a promise of better days for female prisoners. But there was

still a want; for these unfortunate women remained in the charge of male keepers, night and day.

The visitor to whom we have particularly referred, thus describes one of her visits at this date. "My husband accompanied me as far as the door of the female prison, to reach which we had to pass the door-keeper's office, (which was usually filled with officers and persons seeking interviews with the prisoners,) and go through the prison-yard. When he returned home from business that evening, he entreated me never to venture there again alone, but always to have several female companions with me, for most persons who were met in the prison at this period, were the debased companions of the prisoners, and those who were not far removed from them in morality and refinement.

Notwithstanding these discouraging circumstances, the visits of the ladies were continued from time to time. There was no place where the prisoners could be brought together, but the visitors entered their cells separately, and read to each unhappy inmate as opportunity afforded, and adapted their instructions as far as possible to each case.

CHAPTER XX.

EARLY EFFORTS IN PRISON REFORM.

Concluded.

"Do thou the good thy thoughts oft meditate,
And thou shalt feel the good man's peace within,
And after death his wreath of glory win."

THROUGH the influence of the Society, there was now a more general interest throughout this and other states in behalf of prisoners. Reports from the prison visitors had been published in the periodical issued by the Society and in other papers, which had induced many ladies, in different cities, to enter upon similar labors in their jails; instructing prisoners, and as far as possible providing separate apartments for females. All this time strenuous efforts were being made for the appointment of matrons in the City Prison, and in the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. Petitions for this object were frequently presented to the Common Council, and referred to the prison committees appointed by the Board of Aldermen. It may seem

surprising that there should be such delay, so manifest was the propriety of the desired arrangement. But those who understand the intricacies of politics, can easily comprehend why this, and many other good measures, are so long in being consummated. Political influence was injurious to prison interests in other respects also, for it changed all the officers of the prison at least once a year, and thus prevented those who felt the importance of improvements, from carrying them out—if they began reforms, they had not time to complete them.

By one of these sudden changes in politics, a reform party came into power, and in the new board of aldermen, was included a husband of one of the ladies of the Society engaged in these efforts. With the influence of this gentleman on their side, and the promises of reform made by the new party, they renewed their petitions for matrons, and were now successful. The ladies were requested to recommend suitable persons for the office, and two worthy Christian women were soon installed, as day-matrons in the City Prison.

The committee of supervision from the Board of Aldermen, promptly prepared a suitable room in the upper part of the building, in which to collect the prisoners together for instruction; and then commenced the "Sabbath afternoon meet-

ings" which have been continued regularly until the present time.

From the new facilities which the appointment of matrons afforded the ladies, for acquiring necessary information as to the character of individual prisoners, and the peculiar circumstances of each commitment, the work of saving women from disgrace and irretrievable ruin was far more successful than before, and encouraged extended efforts, especially in behalf of young girls.

Some of the narratives contained in this volume, are illustrative of the various circumstances under which persons are brought into the prison. Not unfrequently were they innocent of the crimes charged to them, or, if guilty of that particular offense, they were yet of comparatively good character, and uncontaminated morals.

This need not be thought strange, in view of the summary manner in which commitments for trifling offenses were formerly procured.

A visitor to the Court of Sessions, connected with the Tombs, thus describes a scene enacted there, and which, in its principal features, is repeated frequently.

"It was about ten o'clock in the morning, the recorder had not yet come into court. In one corner of the immense room stood huddled together about sixty persons under arrest, who

were of all colors, ages and sexes, and, judging by appearances, of various degrees of guilt.

Presently a gentleman entered the room, who immediately attracted the eye of every unfortunate criminal, and the subordinate officers bowed respectfully as he passed with a rapid, though dignified gait, to the judge's seat; he was of medium stature, but of peculiarly earnest, commanding countenance and manner.

An officer promptly stepped forward, with a young man from among the unhappy group, and stated that he was charged with stealing a gold pencil. His accuser was present, and briefly stated his complaint.

The recorder asked sternly, "Thomas! what did you steal that pencil for?"

"I did not steal it, your honor."

"Now don't *lie to me;* if you tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, it will be better for you. Tell me now! What did you *do it for?*"

"I didn't take it, sir."

Assuming higher and most commanding tones he rejoined,

"Did I not tell you *not to lie* to me?" I know you—don't you know I do? How long have you been out of Moyamensing Prison?"

The young man dropped his head, and answered almost inaudibly, "Four months, sir."

"I knew it; didn't I tell you I knew you—

there is no use of lying to me; now how came you to take that pencil?"

The poor fellow immediately proceeded to give what seemed to be a truthful and straight-forward statement, admitting his guilt.

"Well," said the judge, "in consideration of your telling the truth, I will only send you up for two months; if you had not, I should have sent you for double that time."

He was removed in the custody of an officer, and another promptly took his place before the bar. The details of this case, may serve as a sample of the great majority; but many did not take half the time—a question or two and sentence was passed. There seemed to be no more sympathy with these wretched beings, in officers, accusers or judge, than in the gigantic columns which supported the vaulted dome above them. While the examinations were in progress, a striking incident occurred. A dove flew over the room, and lighted upon the cap of a column just by the unfortunate company of criminals, and set up a plaintive cooing, which one could almost fancy was an expression of sorrow for their wrong-doing; it was touchingly in keeping with the melancholy scene.

To return to our history, there was still another improvement which was much needed. The duties of the matrons ceased at night, and they

left the prison then to the care of male keepers. There were frequent occasions when sickness or disorderly conduct made it necessary for the keepers to enter the prisoners' cells, and as they held the keys, there was no power to exclude them from any cell they chose to enter, whatever errand might take them there.

Then, as now, all who were confined for crime were not equally degraded, and indeed, witnesses were detained here also, in these exposed circumstances. Memory recalls one instance which occurred about this time, and it was only one of many, which forcibly exhibited the necessity for night-matrons.

A young girl had fallen into the wiles of a libertine, and her parents, to prevent his taking her away clandestinely, placed her in the City Prison. But one of the keepers took it upon himself to go and inform the young man where the girl was, and brought him to her cell, thus defeating the purpose of the parents to save their child—for she became his victim.

"Give us night-matrons," became an important demand. But where can women be found who have courage to risk the night with these reckless, desperate creatures? This was the plea on which their appointment was deferred from time to time, for about two years; and indeed there seemed to be force in the objection. But

when the authorities consented to make the appointment, suitable persons were found, and have ever since filled the office with acceptance and safety.

During all the period of these labors in the prison, there had been regular reports published, and cases of particular interest were given in detail, with a view to enlist sympathy and effort in behalf of the prisoners. These reports attracted attention, and had, we must believe, a considerable agency in bringing about an extensive interest for this unfortunate class; an interest which about 1845 became popular.

All classes of persons were attracted to the prison now, not only the Christian on his errand of mercy, but the philanthropist, and the phrenologist, seeking illustrations on which to build or support their theories; and the novel-writer to find characters and incidents for a forth-coming volume.

The power of moral suasion, and the importance of phrenological science, as auxiliaries in the reformation of prisoners, were largely discussed; and the various theorists took much pains to call the attention of the public to their speculations. A great deal was said and written on matters connected with prison reform. At this period, gaily-dressed women were so frequently met in the prison, that one might almost

have fancied it a fashionable resort; and for a time a doubt was awakened in the minds of its old friends, whether "fashion" would not temporarily supersede more humble laborers, and ere long a "famine" of interest and effort prevail. The excitement of fashion did prove evanescent, but we are happy to be able to add, the "famine" of interest and effort, which we feared, did not follow.

Soon Christians were left to pursue their unpretending, self-denying efforts as before, inculcating the "old-fashioned notions" of repentance of sin, and faith in the atoning Saviour, as indispensable to a radical change of heart and life, resulting in the salvation of the soul.

In the autumn of 1844 a call was issued for a public meeting on the subject of prison reform, which was numerously attended by many of our best citizens, and resulted in the formation of the New York Prison Association. At this meeting, among other important resolutions adopted, was one recommending "that a Female Department be organized, to be especially regardful of the interests and welfare of prisoners of that sex." See the *New York Daily Tribune*, of Dec. 7, 1844. We quote also the following from the same paper in corroboration of the preceding statements.

"Before the question was put on this resolution, Mr. Edmonds read to the meeting the fol-

lowing interesting communication from several benevolent ladies who have been laboring with no small degree of success to ameliorate the condition of their own sex who are imprisoned for crime under the authority of our city courts.

"Observing the call to the public, inviting both 'ladies and gentlemen' to convene this evening, for the purpose of organizing a Prison Association, to promote the well-being of the prisoner, a few ladies, whose hearts respond with gratitude to such a call, and whose sympathies have for years been deeply moved by scenes witnessed in their stated visits to the female department of the City Prison, present, *by request*, a few facts that may have a bearing on the subject before the meeting.

"Long since, when the male and female prisoners were placed beneath the same roof, in different tiers of cells, under keepers who were 'men of all principles, and of *no principle*,' abuses were witnessed that made their hearts bleed, and constrained them to appeal, in their humble capacity, to our rulers for redress. They prayed 'for humanity's sake,' that separate apartments and a matron might be provided for their sex. Their prayer was granted, in part, by the desired division of the prisoners; but years have since elapsed, during which no matron was appointed, and the moral and physical condition of this

department was deplorable. During the past season the Common Council have nobly responded to a '*petition and memorial*' presented on this subject. Through the untiring efficiency of two gentlemen of their committee on prisons, viz., Messrs. Gale and Ward, every practicable improvement has been made, and two matrons have been appointed, who have thus far filled the station assigned them, with credit and usefulness. These matrons report: that since assuming their office on the 12th of August last, the names of over *sixteen hundred women* have been registered who have been committed there for trial. Of this number many have been given up to their parents in this city; six have been discharged and sent to their homes in different states, five of whom were under twenty-three years of age; the other was an invalid, and being past recovery, expressed a wish to die with her mother, who resides in Connecticut. Means were accordingly furnished and she was sent home. Six have been provided with good places in this city and are doing well. Two have been sent to the Magdalen Asylum, and two have given evidence of saving conversion to God.

"Cases have occurred where the poor and friendless have been committed on suspicion, and on a careful investigation of the cases have been found to be innocent, and the kindness and

consideration shown them has won their lasting gratitude. In one instance of this kind, the wronged one was taken from the prison into a Christian family as a domestic, and their testimony is, that they never had a better servant.

"A religious meeting is held with the prisoners on Friday of each week, also on the Sabbath, and with encouraging results. On last Friday, after a season of prayer, reading and personal conversation, as the group were about to return to their cells, it was affecting to see them, one after another, turn back, and with tearful eyes, thank the ladies for what had been said to them. Cases of thrilling interest might be cited, showing that this class of persons have claims upon Christian sympathy that have scarce begun to be realized, and that with proper effort many of them might be savingly reformed. Those who have gauged but in part the mental, physical and moral wants of this unfortunate class, have felt most deeply that society does them great injustice. The following case will illustrate our meaning. A prisoner, whose term had just expired, was urged before going out to sign the temperance pledge and lead a new life. She responded, with a voice half choked by emotion, 'I would, but how can I? I go from here—I have no friends, no clothing, no money. No person will harbor me, because I have been in prison.

No one will give me a character, and I have no place to stop, even for the night, but in the street or some den of vice and shame. I wish to reform—but what can I do? Where can I go that I shall not be lost?' This is not an isolated case, but one of hundreds that we have witnessed.

"One thing has been strongly impressed on our minds by the little experience we have had among prisoners, viz.: that those in whose charge they are intrusted need not only philanthropy and benevolence, but evangelical piety. The wounds to be healed in their cases lie too deep to be reached by any agency aside from Christian sympathy, so manifested as to lead the sin-stricken soul to 'wash its stains away' in the precious fountain opened by Him who 'came to seek and to save the lost.'

"We shall rejoice if at this meeting an interest shall be elicited that will lead the Christian community to remember the words of Jesus, 'I was sick and in prison and ye came unto me.'

"PRISON VISITORS."

"This letter was listened to with much interest, after which the resolution was adopted."

A Prisoners' Home, for discharged female convicts, was soon established, under the direction of a competent board of ladies. The objects of this association were the visitation of the prisoners and the employment of all necessary means to

ameliorate their condition, and aid their reform generally. These ends embraced all that had been attempted by the visiting committees of the much-defamed and misrepresented "Moral Reform Society," through the agency of which the efforts narrated in these chapters had been prosecuted. At this time, that which was more properly their work—guarding and preventing children and young females from entering the paths of vice—had largely increased, and they were happy in believing they might resign reformatory operations measurably at least, to the "Prison Association." Yet they have never lost sight of the importance of the work, nor of the individual duty of Christians in this respect, who hope to hear in the final award of the Judge, "I was in prison and ye came unto me." We are permitted, from time to time, still to co operate with others in saving some unfortunate victim of circumstances, found in prison.

Each association does its own work, and finds its field more extended than can be fully occupied. It should be borne in mind that this brief narrative comes down only to 1845, and does not attempt a sketch of various efforts for the improvement of prisoners which commenced then and have been prosecuted since by sundry individuals and associations—as the temperance society, ward missionaries, etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE TRANSFORMED.

"Or the cloud which wraps the present hour,
Serves but to brighten all our future days."

Lucy was about fourteen years of age when I became acquainted with her, and though a child, it was her sad lot to be, even then, the inmate of a prison. Aside from her unfortunate situation, her youth would deeply interest one in her favor. her countenance was not intelligent or pleasing; it bespoke familiarity with want, hardship and sorrow. Her dress was bedraggled and tattered, and her whole appearance was untidy.

It was the Sabbath; around were a motley group, who had assembled to meet me—rejoicing in an opportunity to escape, even for a brief interval, from the monotony of their cells, rather than for any pleasure they would find in listening to the messages of love and mercy, which should be read from the sacred book.

The place in which we were gathered, was made as inviting as it could be in a prison. A large square room on the upper floor, thoroughly clean and comfortably heated, with benches

arranged to accommodate about fifty persons, so that it seemed almost to justify the remark which I overheard one girl make to another, "It is not so bad to be shut up here after all, for we have a fire and board and lodging free, and nothing to do."

Poor creatures! many of them find more comfort within these walls, than in the squalid, filthy places they call homes, and which they very reluctantly leave to come hither. Liberty is sweet to every living thing! Though voluntarily here, yet *we* feel a constraint, a confinement, for the room receives its only light through a grated dome, which continually reminds us that we are in prison.

As I looked around among the unhappy, degraded and hardened women, the question pressed itself home to my heart, "Can these dry bones live?" and the answer came, chiding my unbelief, "Is any thing too hard for the Lord?" My agency was nothing—my wisdom must utterly fail to meet their wants; but I was here as the servant of the Lord, and He had promised, "In that day and hour it shall be given you what ye shall speak." I said, "God will give me a word in season to these precious souls." I encouraged myself by referring to instances, recorded in scripture and elsewhere, of weak instruments being employed to accomplish much

good; and resolved to put my trust in the Almighty arm, and labor on, hoping in due time to gather fruit, even from this unpromising field. Unpromising it truly was; though there were a great variety of cases before me and some far more hopeful than others. A few had been detained here a length of time, and I had become acquainted with their history.

On my right was a woman, perhaps of forty-five years, whose gray hair and shrunken visage, made her appear much older; trouble and sorrow had induced premature old age. She had never known the joy of being wife or mother, and very little of earthly love and sympathy had been her lot. Early bereft of parents, she had been left to contend with the world alone—lonely indeed she had found herself, without friends, without help. She had struggled on until the infirmities of years increased her helplessness; then, in the extremity of need she entered the kitchen of a rich man, to ask for bread. No person was near; a turkey lay on the table, prepared for cooking. Temptation assailed her, she took it, and was discovered when leaving the kitchen, and committed to prison for the theft.

At my first interview with her, she was reading the Bible; for she was a Protestant, and, as far as I could learn, a temperate woman. She was reading the penitential psalms of David,

and seemed to derive comfort, as he did, from trusting in the mercy of the Lord.

I went to the family, from whom she had stolen, and represented her penitent state, and begged them to use their influence to have her released; but they thought she ought to be punished, and therefore were deaf to my petition.

"Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun."

On my other hand was a mother with her infant, who when brought here was so stupified with liquor, that she was insensible as a stone; and the innocent, helpless babe was in the same condition, stupified, as if by laudnaum, from the effect of rum which the unnatural mother had given it; two days it was poising between life and death, before the dreadful potion lost its power.

The gravity, which some of these hardened creatures assumed for the occasion, partook of the ludicrous; yet there were some present, not so lost, but that shame was manifest. For such there was hope, and it was hailed as an omen of good. Little children were here too, some taken up in the streets as vagrants, some of them not so debased as one might expect in such circumstances, waiting to be sent to the Almshouse.

There was an old woman, destined for the same place, with no appearance of crime about

her. Poverty was her only offense against society, indeed she gave reason to hope that she was one of the Lord's poor. It was sad to see her, as well as those little children, placed with vile women, whose presence polluted the air they breathed. It was refreshing to point this weary pilgrim to the rest before her, only a few steps onward.

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage;
> Minds innocent and quiet take
> That for a hermitage."

There was the brazen vender of nostrums "for married or single," the wholesale dealer in murders, complacently saying, "I have done no wickedness," nay, impudently defending her traffic, and claiming to be the benefactress of her sex! No merited punishment will she receive in this city. While the half-witted girl beside her, is imprisoned for stealing a veil, this monster in human form will purchase her ransom with money—money, which is truly the price of blood.

> "Through tattered clothes small vices do appear,
> Robes and furred gowns hide all."

But there are several women here, who enlist our warmest sympathies, these are innocent persons detained as witnesses; taken from their

homes, their labors, on which perhaps aged parents, or helpless children are depending for support, and shut up here to await the uncertain course of law; while here they are compelled to mingle with those incarcerated for crime, and are provided for the same as prisoners, with no remuneration and no redress! What wonder, if the purposes of justice are often thwarted, by persons concealing their knowledge of crimes, rather than revealing it at such cost?

But I must pause and return to Lucy. After our exercises of reading, singing and prayer were over, I conversed with a few individuals, and among them with Lucy. I asked her several questions concerning herself, her answers to which induced me to go to the matron and ascertain what she knew of her case; for the general want of truth in these girls would allow us to place very little reliance on their statements.

Mrs. Foster, the matron, answered, "Lucy does not seem viciously inclined, I think she may be saved, if proper care is taken of her now." She, good woman, was ever ready to seize whatever of hope there was in any case, and turn it to the advantage of the prisoner. Lucy had been committed by her own father; he said the girl had given him a great deal of trouble, that she lately left her home in a neighboring city, with a vile girl whose acquaintance she had

made; he followed, and found her in a disreputable house where she had been three days, and he had her arrested and committed to prison. "And now," said he, "she is dead to me; I renounce her forever." Thus the father cast off his hapless child, little realizing that by his intemperance and neglect he was responsible for her misconduct.

Where should the good Samaritan be found, who would receive this outcast, bind up her wounds, and restore her to virtue and to God.

A few days would intervene before she would be sent to the Penitentiary. We left the prison, resolving to do what we could, in the meantime, to save her.

Our efforts to find a home for Lucy had been unsuccessful; we called again, and inquired for her of the matron, and were much gratified to learn, that an excellent opportunity had offered for her, and she had gone to live in a Christian family, in an adjacent city. The gentleman was in the habit, when in town, of spending some time in pious labors among the prisoners. He came while Lucy was there, and Mrs. Foster made known her case to him, and asked him to exert himself to find some one, who would befriend and save her from the ruin of character and morals, which threatened her if she was committed to "Blackwell's Island." To this end he

went to several persons, but failed in finding what he sought, a friendly home for poor Lucy.

Before he returned, the "Black Maria" came—the carriage which conveys passengers to and from the prisons, Almshouse and hospitals; and if it had a tongue it could relate tales of horror which would freeze the blood and make every hair stand on end!

Well, it was at this moment at the door, receiving its load of crime and sorrow, and Lucy had been called to go. Mrs. Foster had no certain prospect for her, and having but little authority in such cases, she was compelled to submit. At this juncture the gentleman referred to returned, and the matron hurriedly informed him of the poor girl's fate, and urged him to take her to his own family. She had passed out of the door, and was then on the steps of the dismal carriage, about to enter. He called her back, went to the magistrate, solicited and obtained her discharge, and in an hour he started with her for his own home. This was the turning point in Lucy's eventful life. We are happy to say the action of the magistrate in this case was not unusual. We have ever found those officers, who have discretionary power, ready to exercise clemency toward young persons, and especially in cases of first offenses.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE TRANSFORMED.

Concluded.

"THERE is in life no blessing like affection,
It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues,
And bringeth down to earth its native heaven,
Life has naught else that may supply its place."

FEELING much solicitude for Lucy's welfare, we soon sought an opportunity to visit her, and were desirous to see what was her progress in the work of reformation, and, if necessary, to influence her patrons to patient continuance in the task they had undertaken.

We found their protegee improving finely. She was assisting in the domestic duties of the family, which the lady taught her to perform well; she also diligently instructed her in religious truth, and strove to improve and elevate her in all respects. Present results inspired her with confidence as to her final success.

About five years had passed, new cases of interest had come up before us continually, one superseding the other, until Lucy was almost

forgotten. At a hotel, while journeying, we recognised, in a fellow passenger, Mrs. Watkins, Lucy's benefactress and friend, and we were happy to have this opportunity to gather many interesting facts concerning her, which we will repeat as near as may be in her own language. "Lucy, after she came to us, grew very rapidly. She was just at that interesting age, when a girl seems almost by magical transition to become a woman, and in the change there was both physical and mental improvement.

"She grew tall and graceful in figure, and her complexion was peculiarly fair, which, with soft blue eyes and a profusion of dark brown hair, formed a pleasing combination of personal features; and, what had still greater influence in the transformation which took place—her dormant soul was awakened to conscious life, by efforts to educate and develop her mind. She learned readily, and soon the beams of intelligence illumined her dull eye, and diffused itself over her countenance. But then a circumstance took place which gave us much uneasiness.

"A young gentleman of wealth and position in society, but whose habits were rather questionable, occasionally called at our house; and after a time, he began to manifest more than ordinary interest in Lucy. As we could not think his

attentions were honorable, and believed they would only be injurious to her, we discountenanced, and finally forbade them. Then we found she met him secretly at the gate, and elsewhere, and my husband thought it time to report the young gentleman's conduct to his father. The old man treated the matter very indifferently; his son was 'old enough to know what he was about,' he had 'no fears for him;' and the effect upon the girl of such an intimacy he considered 'of very little consequence.'

"We tried to set the matter in a true light before her mind, and kept up a more watchful care of her, and we hoped the danger was passed, and that she had given him up.

"Believing it important Lucy should learn a trade, that, in the event of her leaving us, she might have the means of support, we made arrangements with a person in whose family she could board; she accordingly left us for the time. The reports we received of her conduct were quite satisfactory, but it was subsequently ascertasned that the gentleman we have referred to, kept up his clandestine attentions, and about a year after she left us, they were privately married.

"The news soon reached his father, and he was enraged beyond measure, that his son, his *only* son and heir, should stoop so low as to marry a

dress-maker! He might have carried on an intrigue with her, without blotting the family escutcheon, but by marrying her, he had irrecoverably disgraced himself and his family! In his anger he declared, 'He shall never have the benefit of my property; I will cut him off with a shilling,' and he did so. But it proved a blessing to the young man; for it threw him upon his own resources, and he soon found that self-reliance and manly enterprise are worth more than a fortune can be without them.

"He obtained a situation at a good salary, and wishing to have his wife fitted by education and accomplishments, to mingle in the society to which he was accustomed, he placed her as a boarder in a first-class school in New York city, to receive private instruction, and be advanced as rapidly as possible. There she is now; her husband goes frequently to see her, and is evidently devotedly attached to her. If you will take the trouble to call on her when you return, I am sure it will afford you a rare pleasure to witness the happy change in her." We promised to avail ourselves of that pleasure, at the earliest convenience. Mrs. Watkins remarked farther, "There are some particulars of Lucy's early history, which I learned after she came to me, which have increased my interest in her, that I presume you have not heard." We replied,

"We knew very little of Lucy previous to her commitment to the prison, and would be happy to learn more about her."

"Lucy's mother belonged to a very respectable family in Ireland. Unfortunately she married a man quite inferior to herself, and who proved incompetent to support his family in comfort. They struggled on through many difficulties until she was the mother of four children, then he concluded to come to this country, and try to better his fortune. He came, and promised to send for his family as soon as he was started in business.

"She waited long and anxiously for the expected summons to meet him, and at length set off with her four children to come to him. But to her great sorrow, she found when they were again together, that her husband had become so addicted to intemperance, that she could not live with him. After suffering much from privation and abuse, for several months, she resolved to return again to her childhood's home. But she must leave secretly, for her husband was very violent, and would not suffer her to go, if he knew it.

"She accordingly laid her plans to get to the ship unknown to him, with three of her children, and Lucy was placed in the care of a relative who was to bring her to the vessel. The mother

and the little ones reached there in good season, but the friend with Lucy, came not. The anxious mother watched and waited, looking first on one side, and then on the other, until her eyes ached with looking. Her fellow-passengers participated in her anxiety, pointing to one and another in the distance; but it was not Lucy. At length the word was given, 'Haul in the plank!' and 'Let go the hawser!' The mother, frantic with grief, begged the sailors to 'wait only a few minutes longer for her child,' but wind and tide were favorable, and the order was imperative, 'Let her go!'

"Cheers and hurrahs went up from the assembled crowd on the wharf, parting salutations passed between them and those on the ship—last messages were sent to friends, but none imagined the woe which was breaking that poor mother's heart. Her child reached the wharf only in time to see the vessel disappearing in the distance, which bore her mother from her forever. The tardy messenger returned and placed her in her father's care. Finding his family were gone, he gave up housekeeping, and from that time until you found her in the prison, Lucy was tossed about the world, being suffered to remain only a few weeks at a time, in a place. Often she was placed as a servant in a family, and then again put to board, but the pay was so

very uncertain—families would not keep her long, so the poor child had been very much neglected. It is no wonder her father thought it necessary to place her where he did at last. But that which seemed so unfortunate then, we have reason now to hope will result in great good to her." Mrs. Watkins' narrative renewed all our interest in Lucy, and we fulfilled the promise to visit her, soon after our return to the city.

We desired to renew our aquaintance with her, that we might gain her confidence, and stand in the relation of a friend and counselor. We thought it possible her husband's relatives might prevail on him to forsake her, and we wanted her to know that she could come to us in any emergency.

We found Lucy all that Mrs. Watkins' description led us to expect, and even more, for we were not prepared for the elegant ease of manner and intelligent conversation with which she entertained us; we reciprocated visits from herself and husband. She had not become a Christian, and we sought to persuade her to seek the "pearl of great price," without which all other inward and outward attainments must be deficient; we hope our influence in this respect was not lost.

The last time we met Lucy, was in a railroad car. She was then a beautiful woman; and for

refinement of manner and taste in dress, combining elegance with simplicity, could not have been excelled by those, who, in birth and fortune, are considered the elite of society.

As we looked upon her, we secretly asked, "Can this be the dirty, wretched, forlorn-looking girl we met in the prison a few short years ago?"

Imagination pictured to me what she would have been, but for that providential interference in her favor. If her condition was bad before she came to the prison, what would it have been after serving a term of three months on Blackwell's Island among the most degraded of her sex? Not only would she have become more depraved, but she would have left there without character, without hope and without friends! What fate would have awaited her, but to become an easy prey to temptation and a life of sin?

We must hope that Lucy's early acquaintance with misfortune has fitted her to sympathize with and assist those in like circumstances; that, consequently, she will become a much more useful woman than if she had not known sorrow.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that, or whether both shall be alike good."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THEN AND NOW: OR, KATE, THE BEGGAR-GIRL.

'Twas a low, dark room—the miserable place that little Kate called "home"—in a remote corner of the topmost story of a crazy old tenant-house, in one of those close alleys, called streets, where are stored and packed the poorest poor, and among whom are found the saddest phases of city-life.

A lady, long devoted to the work of a Sunday-school missionary, was in search of her. She was accustomed to exploring haunts of poverty, and thought she knew what "a tenant-house" signified, but she found that there were degrees of squalid wretchedness exceeding all her previous experience—that gradations of rank were by no means confined to the upper classes of New York.

It was with difficulty she found the house, and her courage several times almost deserted her as she cautiously picked her way through the filthy street. The foul air seemed to reek with

poisonous effluvia, and the feet almost adhered to the slimy side-walk. Dirty, repulsive women, bloated and brazen-faced, or wan and haggard with misery, around whose marred visages lingered no stray sunbeam of feminine softness or hope or love, were lounging in the door-ways and upon the rickety stoops, and calling to each other with voices from which the last cadence of womanhood had died out.

Little children rolled about in squalidness and neglect, sickly and blighted, or turbulent and fierce with precocious passion.

The miserable tenements presented a repulsive array of broken windows and dilapidated door-ways, and they seemed more fit for hiding-places for slimy reptiles and crawling vermin than abodes for children of the human race.

After the visitor had discovered the house, she had surmounted only one difficulty, for the building seemed to be so populous, that its occupants did not know each other's exact locality, and though little Kate had minutely described the room and the way thither, it was long before it was found.

She ascended one tottering staircase after another, groping her way through dark passages cautiously and tremblingly—with frequent faltering of resolution, turning to abandon the enterprise. This is no place for an unprotected

woman, she said to herself, and yet an irresistible yearning to find and rescue the child whose voice and face had so much interested her, impelled her to proceed.

"Kate," she had given as her name, when a few days previous she called at the lady's door on her round of solicitation for "cold victuals." Though she wore the beggar's garb, and tried to assume the beggar's professional whine, it was evident that poverty and beggary had not yet fully schooled her to the abject vocation. There was a rare beauty of face and limb, peering from beneath her tattered raiment, and her unwashed, unkept person; a mischievous twinkle of the merry blue eye, a careless, graceful toss of the bonnetless head, where clustered thick masses of matted curls, and an *allegro* movement of the musical voice, bespeaking a childhood not yet utterly blasted and shorn of its greenness, but claiming and enjoying still a portion of its dower of careless mirth and buoyant spirits.

"Why do you go round in this way begging?" said the lady to her, while she scanned her pleasing face. "Have you no home and no parents?"

"Oh, I goes out for cold victuals, 'cause they makes me," she replied, with the most nonchalant air.

"And who are *they*, my child?"

"Oh! dad, and the woman."

"And who is the woman?"

"She says she is my mother, but she isn't; she lies!"

"Where is your mother?"

"Gone off; dun'no where; s'pose she's dead; han't been to our house but once since dad got this woman; then they had an awful fight, I tell you."

The lady took the child into her kitchen, and after a long process of questioning, finding her interest each moment increased, she wished to "take her address," and add her name to her "visiting list." To her inquiry, if she would like to go to Sabbath-school, she replied, with the same frank, careless air, in the affirmative, adding, "I guess she'll let me, if you give me some new clothes, for she let me go once with a lady, who gave me a new frock."

"Why did you not go more than once?"

"Oh, 'cause I hadn't clothes; they sold my frock the lady gave me."

"What did they sell it for?"

"A drink I s'pose"

"If I give you another, and come for you every Sabbath, do you think you will have your face and hands clean, and be ready to go with me, and try to learn to be good, and to become something besides a dirty beggar-girl?"

"Yes, ma'am," was her prompt response.

"Do you think you would like to learn about God, and how to please him?"

"Who is God?" she asked, with the utmost *naivete.*

"Don't you know who made you, my child?"

"Oh yes; I knows that it's the ma'or" (mayor).

"Did you never hear about God's book—the Bible?"

"Oh, yes, I knows that too; it's a great big whanging book the ma'or keeps, and if we gets 'sent up,' we gets our names down in it—dad's got 'sent up' twist" (twice).

It was to find this little heathen, who was begging her own and her family's daily food from Christian homes, threading her way, ever and anon, or crouching for rest beneath the shadows of costly churches, that this Sabbath-school visitor was groping her perilous way through the slimy passages of the swarming tenant-house. At length, in the further corner of the back wing of the building, she found a door answering to little Kate's description of her home.

She knocked, but received no reply. Again—no answer, but there was the sound of a little stir within, and the outcry of an infant. Another peremptory knock, and the bolt of the door was slowly withdrawn, and a pale-faced,

dark-eyed woman looked wonderingly out. She was almost nude, and had an infant in her arms, also nearly nude. It was apparently about three or four weeks old, and looked as if it had never enjoyed a plentiful ablution since its advent to its home of filth.

I will not attempt a description of the room—its condition may be surmised from the surroundings of the locality. Suffice it to say, that appearances betokened that its inmates had not yet thrown off (although it was past eleven o'clock A. M.) the stupor consequent upon a night's debauch. Kate was already out on her round of beggary for food; also a sister a year or two younger. There was a broken dish and some fragments of cold victuals, in a dilapidated, backless chair, where doubtless the father had taken his morning meal.

The miserable woman crawled back to her nest of straw and rags, as soon as she perceived the visitor was resolved upon entering, and with conscious shame depicted on face and mien, began to apologize for having no chair to offer her, and to tell a pitiful story of sickness, etc. There was in her language and looks, despite her evidently-degraded condition, something suggestive of better days, of former self-respect and respectability.

After a somewhat lengthened talk, in which

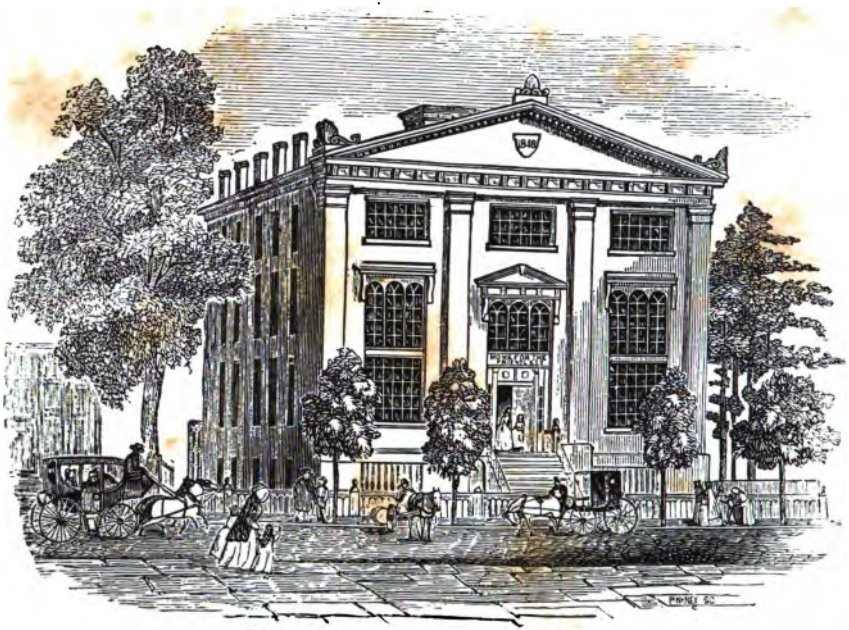
promises of material aid had the most evident influence, the arrangement was made for Kate and her sister to enter, on the next Sabbath, the mission Sabbath-school, with which this visitor was connected. She was to call for the children, with some new clothes, and they were to be washed and in as much readiness as possible at an early hour.

As she took her departure, pressing her handkerchief to her face and cautiously picking her way out through the dark and filthy halls, through which echoed the gibberish or the fierce tones of the degraded; trembling with timidity, and faint and sickened with the offensive odors, she exclaimed, "Are these degraded ones, of the same race and bound to the same long hereafter, as my fellows and myself? Is it possible that they, for whom the Redeemer died, can sink so low, here in this world of hope and mercy, and right in the very bosom of Christendom? Oh, that I might be an instrument of saving even one! Lord, give me this child—a brand plucked from the fire—as my 'hire,' in the service of the vineyard."

On the following Sabbath the visitor found the room and the appearance of the family much more decent, still there was upon them and all they had the stamp of the most abject destitution and degradation. The father, a man of about for-

ty years, might have been good looking, but for his vices. He, too, indicated an early acquaintance with a more respectable life. He said he had been well brought up and wished to have his children "be like folks," and "taught to be decent and respectable," but he "guessed it was of no use to try;" he never expected to be anything himself, and he supposed the best thing for them all would be to get out of the world as fast as they could; there seemed to be more in it now than could make a living.

After such words of warning and encouragement as the circumstances seemed to call for, the lady departed with the children. Little Kate elicited still more interest from her new friend, and she resolved to find her a *home*, if possible, away from the influences that surrounded her. She was so situated, that it was impracticable to receive her into her own home, but she set herself immediately about enlisting some of her friends in the work of saving this child. "The Home for the Friendless" then existed only in the hopes and plans that reached out into the future, but there were those who, while looking and laboring for this consummation, often converted their own homes, into either temporary or permanent "homes for the friendless" and the needy. One of these ladies consented to take little Kate on trial, and if it seemed duty,



The Home for the Friendless.

to continue her in her household, and bestow upon her domestic and Christian training.

But it was not an easy task to obtain the parents' consent. She was too valuable a laborer for the indolent and besotted parents, to be readily resigned by them. In his better, sober moods, the father would consent, expressing his oft-repeated desire that his "girls should grow up to be respectable," and not be like himself and those around him, but before he could be induced to sign an "indenture," or even before the child could be removed, he would change his mind and utterly refuse to allow her to go.

The lady who first found her, continued to go for her each Sabbath till she seemed much interested in the school, and so thoroughly intent on going punctually, that she omitted her calls and directed her to come by herself. For one Sabbath she was there, and then her place and her sister's were vacant. Immediately after church service, the visitor repaired to their abode, to learn the cause of their absence. She found both father and mother in a state of beastly intoxication, the infant wallowing in filth and crying most piteously, and the two girls no where to be found. As she was returning home, saddened and discouraged, she espied a group of noisy, ragged boys and girls some distance up

the street, and hoping there to learn some tidings of her scholars, she approached them.

The sisters were soon observed engaged in a general quarrel with the group respecting some marbles. It was with difficulty she arrested their attention and drew them aside.

Several of the older girls followed, curious to know what "the lady" wanted. When interrogated about being absent from Sabbath-school, they said their parents wouldn't let them go.

"Why not?"

"'Cause mam and baby was sick."

"But you are not taking care of them—why are you out here quarreling and playing!"

Kate was about to reply, doubtless with some other ready falsehood, when a brazen-faced girl, somewhat older than herself, squealed out in a most tantalizing voice, "I know what for she don't go—'cause her folks have sold them 'ere clothes you give her; you know what for, don't you?" with a slang motion and grimace impossible to transfer to paper.

"You lie, now; they ha'n't," responded Kate. Her antagonist reiterated her assertion, and the combatants over the marbles seemed on the point of renewing their battle, when the lady succeeded in withdrawing Kate from the scene while her little sister scampered home.

The lady quieted her angry passions with

soothing, kindly tones, asked her to go home with her, and get some good supper and see some pictures; an invitation to which hunger prompted a ready assent. At first she proposed to send her away before night, but as the child related to her the scenes of the day, and she reflected on the brutal condition of her parents, who were beyond either taking any care of her or feeling any solicitude at her absence, she resolved to keep her all night, and on the morrow learn if there was a law by which this worse-than-orphan child could be forcibly removed from the custody of such brutal parents.

She only regretted she had not secured the other sister. Kate acknowledged that the girl's charge was true; her own and her sister's Sunday suit had been pawned for drink, and she exhibited her little fat arms, frightfully bruised by her step-mother, because she had been no more successful in begging the previous day, and said that her father, mother, and a man had had a fight a few days before, and the police took the man and her father off to the station-house, and that in their scuffle they like to have killed her little sister.

Kate was taken on Monday to the friend's house who had offered to receive her, and it was some days before the father discovered her whereabouts, or came to demand her. Our

benevolent Sunday-school visitor was expecting, and was prepared for him. She had a clean, new, shirt for him, a new, coarse straw hat, and two or three other respectable garments, and asking him into her tidy kitchen, she ordered a nice cup of tea and a comfortable meal, all which he received with silent wonder, gazing into the benevolent face that looked so peacefully and quietly at him, till his own hardened spirit and imbruted nature began to soften and relent, and he listened with evident feeling to what she had to say.

She told him that Kate would not be sent back to that home from which she had been taken, but if he insisted upon making trouble, the aid of the law would be summoned to arrest him for the disorderly and vagrant life he led; that he might see his child once a week; that a good home would be provided for her, and for the other one also, and if he would give them up peaceably, and as the best good of the children required, some material comforts would be supplied him, which he could take home to his family each week.

With less argument and difficulty than she expected, she secured his consent, though as the sequel proved, it was a consent often retracted, with no small share of trouble and annoyance attending the charge of the child. But it was a gain for benevolence and humanity to get Kate

removed in any way. The faithful, indefatigible visitor, felt grateful and happy when she placed little Kate in the Christian home of her friend, Mrs. D., and turned her energies and attention to seeking out some other foldless lamb.

The sister they could not secure, but it may be added here, that subsequent efforts placed her, too, in a good home, where she was reared to an intelligent, active, and quite attractive womanhood.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THEN AND NOW: OR, KATE, THE BEGGAR-GIRL.

Concluded.

THOU'ST seen the *wreck*—behold the *rescue* here,
From dark, deep waters, surging far and near.

THOSE who take to their home and care the forsaken and homeless—the children of neglect, want and vagrancy—learn, by an experience more expressive than words, that patience needs to "have its perfect work."

Such know well that "model children," little "angels in disguise," are not often to be found among those whose early surroundings have been so undesirable, and frequently so debasing as have theirs who seek homes at the hands of benevolence.

Our own loved ones, whose antecedents have been far more favorable—for whom the earnest prayer has been offered, to whom the oft-reiterated instruction, early and late, has been given, and for whose comfort and welfare neither money, nor effort, nor thought, have been

spared, from the cradle up—how do *they* try our patience, and ofttimes discourage our hopes by their perverseness.

To take a poor and homeless child, and attempt the work of reforming and educating his habits, and giving him the culture of the Christian home, is a great and good work. To persevere and retain that child, despite his faults—bearing and forbearing, and hoping against hope almost; willing to accept small gains, and slow progress, even, in right habits and virtuous developments—is a greater, a more heroic work.

The former may be the result of good and kindly impulses—of sympathy suddenly aroused, or some other impulse or desire that may soon wear away or die out. The latter must have its foundation in principle and a spirit of Christian perseverance and self-denial. Years of discouragement may intervene before the fruits may be apparent of one's efforts to train aright those upon whom they have bestowed their care. They may never be what they would desire them to be—never exhibit *in full* the result of all the instruction and care they have had. They may always show, in their habits and mental developments, the marks of their early surroundings, and yet those who have rescued and reared them may find ample cause for satis-

faction in what has been accomplished, when they compare the *then* and *now*.

Where Providence has evidently thrown such a child into a Christian family, the question should not be lightly weighed or hastily settled, when discouraged by its faults, or wearied of the care and trouble it makes, when it is proposed to relinquish the work commenced, and return the child to where it was obtained.

The results of the experience of others in such matters is sometimes like a word in season to those who are weighing the question of personal duty.

This little sketch of Kate, and the tale of their experience who took and kept her for many years, may perhaps tend to encourage some who are sorely perplexed with the question, "Shall we keep or return this child?"

Kate had, of course, been subject to all the bad influences of the low life in which she was found, and if it had not crushed down her animal spirits, it had left a perceptible soil and stain upon her moral nature.

When she was not out "begging," she had been suffered to herd with the vicious idleness and vagrancy which swarmed the locality where she lived. Her step-mother regarded her only for her usefulness in begging, and often in her fits of intoxication abused her. She was a woman

who had seen better days, had been well brought up and educated, but who some years before, had commenced a downward career, by disobedience to parents, and a headstrong selection of her own company and her own hours of absence from home, till she had reached this lowest round in the ladder of human life, and now called herself the wife of the degraded man with whom she lived. If indeed she was married to him, it was before the first wife, the mother of little Kate, had ended her miserable career one night in a low kennel of vice, and had received an ignoble burial in "Potter's Field."

The father had once been a respectable country laborer, who in an evil hour had removed to the city in the hope of higher wages. Moving ignorantly into a disreputable part of the city for the sake of cheap rent, his wife had encountered evil companions and influences, and step-by-step she had gone down into the lowest depths of woman's degradation. Before she had utterly forsaken her family, she had been in the habit of dragging Kate and her little sister about from one low drinking-place to another, often leaving the tired little ones to fall asleep upon the steps of some porter-house, while she spent the night in quarreling and carousing within.

The father who seemed to have once cared much for his family and humble home, became

completely disheartened and discouraged by this wreck of all his comfort and hopes. Poverty came upon him "like an armed man," and with many a one higher in the social circle, he "drank to drown his troubles." So they all went down, down together, till they reached the miserable point at which they are introduced to our reader.

Mrs. D. found it no coveted task to make little Kate decent in her person. She was obliged to cut her luxuriant but matted hair all off, and to apply the scrubbing-brush and plentiful ablutions, in order to remove the vermin and filth that had accumulated upon her.

For a time, her habits about the house were as repulsive as her person. Her hands were thrust indiscriminately into whatever food came in her way.

The first year the obstacles in the way of her reformation were numerous and great. Her father and step-mother frequently, when partially intoxicated, would go to the Sabbath-school and take her away to witness their Sunday's carouse, or go to the house and interfere with her in various ways. At length, the family who had her removed to the West. The distance that separated her from her parents was favorable in many respects to Kate's improvement; yet she sorely tried the patience of those who

had undertaken the care of her. She had an affectionate and impressible temperament, but falsehood, deceit and vagrant habits had taken deep root and sent forth many an offshoot. If she was sent to school, unless followed each day to the door of the school-house, ten chances to one but she would play truant all day. If sent to a store or a neighbor's on an errand, she might not be found again for several hours. For the first year or two she would steal anything she could find, whether she wanted it or not. If she did not want what she took, she would destroy it, or give it to some one in the street. As a specimen of her habits, I will cite one instance of her mischief: Mrs. D. had purchased some lace to trim an infant's dress, and while sewing it on the dress or about to do so, she was called from the room a few moments, and when she returned, her lace was nowhere to be found. Kate denied any knowledge of it, and Mrs. D. concluded she must have carried it from the room by its adhering to her dress. Some weeks afterwards she accidentally found it between the mattress and straw-bed where Kate slept, cut into small fragments.

She entirely relinquished these habits after a time, and though her word could not be relied on, she seemed to have no disposition to touch what did not belong to her. This gave encour-

agement to those who. labored for her good. They hoped that other moral developments might also be improved. And they were not mistaken. Though hope and patience were often wearied out, and Mrs. D. often resolved and prepared to return her to her father, something always whispered to her conscience, "Try a little longer —God has given you this to do—you have not done all you can yet." Kate would shed tears when reminded of her naughty ways, and say she wished to be a good child, and promise fair, but the next temptation found her on the side of wrong.

Mr. D. often insisted that his wife should not burthen and trouble herself with so hopeless a case, and said it was throwing away moral energies, which might be exercised on some more hopeful object, to far greater advantage. Once, as he was about going to New York on business, he insisted that the child should be sent back with him: "Wife, you are wearing yourself out, and you will make nothing of her after all. She must go; you have done all you can; take some more promising child and let this one go." Mrs. D. prepared to obey. She packed her clothes—gave her parting instruction and advice, and while momentarily expecting her husband to come in, ready to start for the cars, she took her one side, to commend her once more to God, in

prayer. But a cloud hid the face of Him to whom she would make supplication, and no light shone upon the step she was about to take. "My husband and my friends say I have done all I can; but will my Heavenly Father say so? Have I found wisdom and strength in Him as I might, and has patience had its perfect work?" And conscience whispered no comforting answer to these mental queries. What the lookers-on—human judgments, partial friends—thought and pronounced doing "all she could," she felt might not be so reckoned by the Searcher of hearts.

Kate was convulsed with agony, for she thought at last she was really to be sent back. This had been the most severe threat; but she had heard it talked of so frequently, it had lost its force. She got down upon her knees and begged to be tried once more; said she did not want to be such a woman as her mother was; that she did want to be good, and grow up a respectable woman.

Mr. D. came in while the child was uttering her piteous entreaties. His heart was touched with pity, and with a "Well, wife, perhaps you had better try a little louger," he took the cars without her.

This was a crisis in Kate's life, and though

there was many an after drawback, and progress was slow, yet there *was* progress, and she eventually proved a great help and comfort to those who had borne with her so long.

This is a short sketch of the *Then* of Kate's life. We will glance a moment at the *Now*.

She is a worthy wife and mother; a member of a Christian church, with a respectable circle of friends and the comforts of life about her. She is not, nor ever will be, what she might have been without these early blighting influences upon her character and habits—what she might have made, had she been rescued earlier from the condition of life in which she was found. But there is many a more defective character to be seen in every community where home and early surroundings were among the most favorable and reputable. When one contrasts what she might have been, if she had been returned to her parents and efforts for her reformation abandoned, with what she is and what she may yet become, with the after discipline of life, there is most certainly an apparent reward for the labor of those who persevered in their efforts to save this child of poverty and sin. Others may take encouragement from that result, to continue in well-doing, knowing that "in due season they shall reap, if they faint not."

"He that saveth a soul from death"—that rescues but one from the number that swell the ranks of the "living lost"—shall see, in the day of reckoning, that great patience and trying labors in the face of oft-repeated discouragements, are more than compensated by the result attained.

AIMS

OF THE

American Female Guardian Society.

1st. The Society aims to rescue from degradation, physical and moral, the children of want, homelessness and sorrow, wherever found—who may be committed to the Society in accordance with its Charter—and after a suitable probation in their Institution, to learn to what they are best adapted, &c., to secure for them permanent country homes in Christian families.

2d. To reach as many as possible of this same exposed class of children, who though prevented by surrounding circumstances, from becoming Home beneficiaries as inmates, may, nevertheless, be withdrawn from the education of the city street, taught habits of industry and propriety of conduct, the knowledge of the Bible, &c., and surrounded by influences that may be protective and saving.

(Several hundred of this class receive food, raiment, instruction and watchcare through the agency of the Society.)

3d. To afford a place and means of protection for destitute, respectable young women without employment, friends, or home, and within the age and the circumstances of temptation.

4th. To aid and encourage worthy destitute American widows with small children, to avoid a separation as long as practicable, by furnishing apparel, bedding, etc., at discretion; securing remunerative employment as far as it may be obtained, and also to admonish the unwary of the moral pit-falls that often abound in the pathway of the lowly.

5th. To use the Press to enlist the public mind in behalf of the several classes and objects above named.

Wants. The Home has been established ten years, and has sheltered, fed and clothed, temporarily, over 9,000 children and adults. It has been sustained mainly by charitable contributions, and at the present time is in special need of funds to meet its current expenses, and the pressing claims arising from its enlargement.

Donations and subscriptions will be thankfully received at the office, No. 29 East 29th St., N. Y.

HOME WHISPERS

TO

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

By MELVA.

A handsomely-bound 12mo volume of 338 pages, well printed on fine paper.

75c. Gilt, $1—sent by mail free of Postage.

CONTENTS.

PART I.—TO HUSBANDS AND FATHERS.

CHAP.

I. Introductory.
II. Mary; the Beloved Wife.
III. Agnes; the Lost One.
IV. James A.; the Grumbler.
V. The Step-Mother.
VI. The Step-Father.
VII—IX. Lights and Shadows of Domestic Life.
X. The Only Son.
XI. Gleanings from a New England Fireside.

PART II.—TO WIVES AND MOTHERS.

I. Introductory.
II—IV. The Two Step-Mothers.
V. The Fretful Wife.
VI. The Repentant Wife.
VII. Clouds and Sunshine.
VIII—XI. The Discipline of Sickness.
XII. The Fatal Error.
XIII—XX. Living with a Husband's Relations.

Sent by Mail, free of postage, on the receipt of price at the Advocate and Guardian Office, 29 East 29th street, New York.

WALKS OF USEFULNESS

Among the SINNING and the SORROWING:

Or, Reminiscences of the Life-Work of MARGARET PRIOR.

New (17*th*) *Edition*, 324 pp. 12mo. on fine paper, with beautiful steel-plate Portrait, extra muslin, 60c., gilt, 80c.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

This work is eminently needed at present, when our city is filled with cheap translations of the vilest French novels—works directly calculated to sap the foundations of all moral purity, and plunge the young especially into the depths of sensuality and pollution. It is a simple record of the labors and trials of a pure minded woman, who, loving her Maker and her fellow-beings, devoted many of the later years of her life to reclaiming the wandering, reproving the godless, visiting the afflicted and despairing, and commending to the hovels of wretchedness and vice, the requirements and consolations of the Gospel of Christ. To those who sympathise with the efforts of the pure-minded and philanthropic to dry up some of the fountains of misery and crime, this work must possess a deep interest; and we are sure they will thank the Society for causing it to be prepared (by one of its members) and published. This little work ought to be placed in every steamboat and school library. Will not some one provide the means?

From the N. Y. Evangelist.

This is a very neatly-printed volume, containing in several brief narratives, the life and labors of a Christian woman in private life, whose whole heart was filled with the noble purpose of doing good. The memoir is prepared in a very interesting and readable form, by the editor of the *Advocate*, and will favorably compare, both in respect of subject and style, with the well-known life of Harlan Page.

From the Philadelphia Christian Observer.

This volume contains a record of the Christian labors and character of a mother in Israel, whose life was devoted to the service of her Saviour in self-denying efforts to relieve the distressed, to reclaim the wandering, and persuade the poor and guilty to sit at His feet and learn of Him. During the last few years of her life, it is believed that she was instrumental in the conversion of more than one hundred souls.

From the Friend of Virtue, Boston, Mass.

This little volume we have read with interest, and profit. We think its tendency is to promote a devotional spirit, activity in the service of Christ, and that it is eminently calculated to encourage the hearts of those who would labor for the immediate conversion of dying sinners.

Sent by Mail, free of postage, on the receipt of price at the Advocate and Guardian Office, 29 East 29th street, New York.

"Pretty loud whispers, some of them, and such as may be heard all around, in every day life, by those who have ears to hear. Why are they not more heeded? We think this little work well calculated to lessen and help remove many of those deplorable, but too current domestic ills of which it complains."—*Fall River News.*

"The book is well written and highly interesting, and will have a genial influence upon the reader."—*Morn. Star.*

"Many important home lessons are inculcated in this book by means of life-like and interesting sketches, and we think the 'Husbands and Wives' to whom it is addressed will find therein many valuable suggestions in regard to making home what it should ever be—the shrine of pure, domestic affection.—*Rochester Journal of the Home.*

"The style is chaste and pleasing, and the sentiments pure, healthful and deeply imbued with the spirit of the Gospel. We could wish it in every household in our land."—*Pittsburgh Missionary.*

"A collection of sketches from life, and invaluable suggestions on the subject of home happiness, by one of the most acceptable contributors to the *Advocate and Guardian.*"—*Protestant Churchman.*

"In a direct and practical way it deals with the relative duties of the heads of the household, unsparingly reproving the faults and neglects which indolence, selfishness and passion engender in the family circle. Few of those to whom it is addressed will fail to find something in it aptly suggestive."—*New York Chronicle.*

"An admirable series of articles contributed for the *Advocate and Guardian* by one of its finest writers."—*Am. Bap.*

"It is pre-eminently a family book, graphically and tersely written, principally narrative in form, and inculcating Christian principle in domestic relations, as few as have had the skill to do before. * * * * * Every husband should buy a book for his own sake, and should then secure its perusal by his wife, while every wife not thus provided for, should procure a copy for her own benefit, and then see that her husband reads it with care."—*Chicago Congregational Herald.*

"It contains many touching incidents, and many wise suggestions that may be read with advantage."—*N. Y. Obs.*

"This is a book full of common-sense advice to husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, being given anecdotically and in a pleasant style. The advice is so good that we hope all who read it, will take it to themselves, and that it may be read by many of all classes and position.—*Scientific Am.*

"This book should be found in every family: it will help to lighten the daily toils of life, and promote peace in the domestic circle.—*Sea-Bird.*

From the New York Observer.

This little volume is a record of the faithfulness of one whose "walks" were in the most obscure, despised, degraded spots that a corrupt city could furnish; "walks" that lead the traveler into scenes of vice and misery from which the virtuous heart recoils; "walks" that lead to reproach and insult, and to no reward but that which awaits the good in a better world. We are free to express our opinion that no one can read the Memoirs of this humble female, without strong admiration of her self-denial, moral courage, zeal and success in the most forbidding work of benevolence that ever engaged the sympathies of the human heart. Nor can the volume be read without exciting in the Christian reader the earnest prayer that something effectual may be devised and accomplished to rescue from the jaws of destruction those who are ready to perish.

From the (Meth.) Christian Advocate & Journal.

Mrs. Prior was originally a Baptist, but died in the communion of the M. E. Church, after a life of laborious usefulness, of which there are few parallels on record.

This pious woman seems to have been endowed with great natural courage, which, sanctified by grace, and directed by right intention, led her fearlessly to enter the haunts of vice to warn the degraded inmates of their awful danger, offer them the means of deliverance, a refuge from the enticements of vice, and the opportunity of hearing the gospel—and when rejected, to leave a tract that should preach when she was gone. The incidents recorded in her Memoirs are well attested, yet strange as the imaginary scenes of romance. We have here another evidence that little is necessary to the accomplishment of great good but a resolute determination to do our duty without regard to consequences. We affectionately commend this little memorial of piety and usefulness to the readers of our paper.

From the Baptist Advocate.

Mrs. Prior's connection with the House of Refuge, Orphan Asylum, and other kindred institutions, and subsequently with the Society that publishes these Reminiscences, gave her great opportunities of usefulness, which she seems most eagerly, sedulously, and conscientiously to have improved. Her life, we are persuaded, will stimulate others to a holy emulation, and thus increase the declarative glory of God, and improve the condition of man.

From the Mothers' Journal & Family Visitant.

This little volume might well go hand-in-hand with the memoir of John Howard or of Elizabeth Fry. We would strongly commend this book to our readers. It will spread before them, in the most unexceptionable manner, much of that description of misery and guilt, abounding in a great city, which women are best qualified to relieve or prevent. It will give salutary preventive counsel to the improvident and unwary, that may enable them to escape many of the evils of a city life; and it will warn parents against sending unprotected youth from the country, to a city full of temptations.

Address: *Advocate and Guardian*, 29 E. 29th Street, N. Y.

Advocate and Family Guardian.

VOLUME XXV.

The Advocate and Guardian is the organ of the American Female Guardian Society, and *Home for the Friendless*, and is published under the supervision of a Committee, selected from its Officers. It is issued on the first and fifteenth of each month, and has a circulation of about forty thousand.

The object of the Society and of the Paper is to aid parents in the discharge of parental obligations—to guard the young from the snares that often lie concealed in life's pathway—to befriend the friendless—to protect and guard the neglected children of our cities, and train them to virtue and usefulness—in a word, to advocate "whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report." The avails of the paper, after meeting its current expenses, are devoted solely to objects of benevolence.

Terms—$1 per annum, in advance; $5 for ten copies, enclosed in one wrapper, and sent to one address.

You will greatly subserve the interests of the Society, by aiding to extend the circulation of the *Advocate*. Can you not find ten or twenty families in your neighborhood that will become subscribers?

Address: *Advocate and Guardian*, 29 E. 29th Street, N. Y.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

I have been accustomed to read The Advocate and Guardian for several years, and with constant pleasure and approbation. The Home for the Friendless, whose interests it is intended to promote, is an institution of pure benevolence, and worthy the utmost confidence and the most liberal aid. This I say, from a continued observation of its character and operations, from its foundation.

STEPHEN H. TYNG,
Rector of St. George's Church, N. Y.

I cordially concur in this recommendation.

GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

Having known and honored the work of these ladies from the beginning, I heartily concur in the above.

JOSHUA LEAVITT.

The Advocate and Guardian, under its present judicious management, I regard as a valuable auxiliary in the work of reform, and a useful paper for the family. It is deserving of general support.

JOS. P. THOMPSON,
Pastor of Tabernacle Church.

I feel much pleasure in expressing my opinion of the excellence and value of The Advocate and Guardian. Conducted, as it is, with eminent ability, chaste and delicate in sentiment and language, and at the same time fearless in its exposure of vice, I should be pleased to see it in the hands of every friend of virtue and morality.

JOHN DOWLING, D. D.

3 2044 025 687 799

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

CANCELLED
APR 2 0 1982
7460757

WARNER
MAY 19 1982
7489998

7079-7489998